

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE WONDERFUL TALKING WIRE

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Seven

THREE MILES UP IN THE HIMALAYAS

THE CAPTAIN WHO COULD GO NO FARTHER

How a Famous Traveller
Saved an Officer

SCHOLAR HERO OF BERLIN

The tale of a noble deed and its long-delayed reward is to be read in the Tablet of Honour which has recently been instituted by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

This great Society is still an Order of Knighthood, though its work today consists not in fighting Turks in the Mediterranean but in serving the cause of humanity throughout the world. And the Tablet of Honour records together, for the first time, the names of those who have won the gold life-saving medal of St. John.

After 22 Years

Ten names appear in this Tablet. The last of them is that of Mr. Hubert McVicar, the gallant mine manager who risked his life in the Coombe Colliery disaster of last year. His name is preceded by that of Mrs. Lillian Starr, the brave hospital matron who rescued Mollie Ellis from the Afghans in 1923. But the first name of all is that of Dr. Albert von Lecoq.

Now Dr. von Lecoq is one of the most famous travellers and archaeologists in the world, and he is just the man to keep secret any brave deed he may have done. So we are not surprised to find that, though he earned his Gold Medal in 1906, he did not actually receive it till last year, when it was sent to Berlin to be handed to him there.

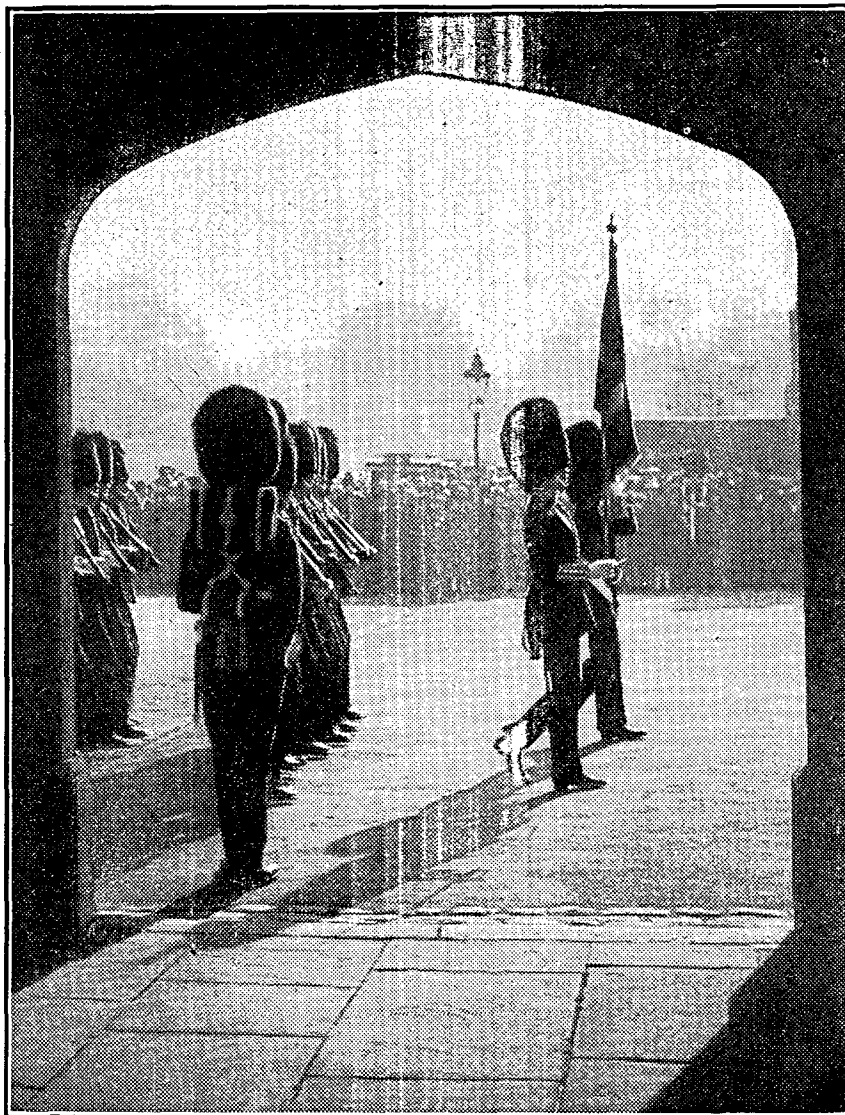
Now what was this brave deed about which Dr. von Lecoq would never speak? Worthy enough for the highest honour, truly. For it was in the bitter, inaccessible heights of Chinese Turkestan when a British officer, Captain S. D. Sherer, was taken ill, and likely to die, that Dr. von Lecoq left, on October 13, 1906, to get help.

Crossing the Passes

Captain Sherer had crossed the terrible Karakorum Pass, three miles up in the Himalayas, but could go no farther. Dr. von Lecoq set out for Penaculik, the nearest centre where help might be obtained. At one time he travelled continuously from dawn till sunset for nine days, crossing the dreadful passes of Sassar and Murghi in conditions unbelievable except to those who have travelled on the "top of the world."

It was at the peril of his life that he went, and he himself was worn and ill. He arrived at Leh on November 2, having had nothing to eat but flour balls, rolled by his Anjaulik servant and dipped in grease. He was back on November 21, with transport and supplies, and was thus able to save the life of a most valuable public servant.

Changing the Guard



Here we have a glimpse through an archway of St. James's Palace showing the Guardsmen marching past during the changing of the guard. This picturesque ceremony and the similar one in Whitehall always attract an admiring crowd of onlookers.

A GREAT SCHEME WORTH EVERY PENNY

EXCEPT in really fine weather, and when one has plenty of time, crossing the Channel is a miserable and tiresome business, and we must all have wondered why two civilised peoples have put up with the present arrangements for so long.

There has been talk of a bridge, and of a tunnel, and of embankments which nearly meet, leaving only a three-mile passage between. And, of course, there are the aeroplanes, which are expensive, and cannot do much in goods carriage. Finally, there is talk of a train ferry.

It is this last idea which is now being taken up with vigour by the President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, Mr. John Piltier. But it is a train ferry on an immensely bigger scale than anything that has yet been undertaken elsewhere. Mr. Piltier says that two train ferry boats of the size he proposes could deal with twice the present traffic in both passengers and goods.

Each boat would be 600 feet long and 85 feet broad, and would have three

decks, one over the other, the lower ones filled with rows and rows of goods wagons, while on the top deck the passenger train would be placed, immediately on its arrival at the port.

The loading and unloading would be done by means of cables and winches, and the ferry boat would be brought into position against the pier, or stockade, by the same means. This stockade, with lines embarking trains at three different levels and at all stages of the tide, would be a huge and elaborate affair, and the ferry boats, of 25,000 gross tonnage each, would require 30 feet of water. This is available in the outer harbour at Dover, but either Calais or Boulogne would have to be deepened to deal with it.

That alone would cost some two million pounds. The ferry boats would cost £700,000 each, and the two berths and stockades half a million each, making, with other expenses, a total cost of between five and six million pounds.

But who shall say it would not be worth every penny?

HISTORY IN 280 BITS

SOMETHING ABOUT AUGUSTUS

The Interesting Thing Sir
William Ramsay Has Done

PIECING THINGS TOGETHER

News comes from Turkey of a remarkable feat by Sir William Ramsay, the great archaeologist.

This is the piecing together of the 280 fragments of an inscription recording the doings of the Emperor Augustus. The fragments were first discovered by Lady Ramsay at Antioch.

While the fragments were being collected the Turkish authorities interfered and stopped the work, and it has only lately been possible for Sir William Ramsay, who is now 77, and his daughter, Miss A. M. Ramsay, a tutor of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, to start again.

History of a Reign

The inscription originally ran in ten columns across the upper part of a triumphal arch of Augustus. It is the same as an inscription on two bronze pillars set up in Rome in front of the Emperor's mausoleum, and there was yet another copy on the Temple of Augustus at Angora. But the bronze columns disappeared long ago. The Angora inscription, discovered four centuries ago, is much defaced. The value of the new discovery is that the inscription supplements that at Angora, so that practically the whole text is available.

The fragments, which vary from an inch to a yard across, have been laid in their proper positions in a series of concrete slabs. The greater part of the inscription was composed by Augustus himself, with a preface and appendix by his successor.

It tells the whole history of his reign, beginning with the raising of an army when he was only 19 to defend Rome against the assassins of Julius Caesar. It describes his watchfulness against the barbarians beyond the frontier who, centuries afterwards, destroyed the Empire he had founded.

Taxing the World

Other recent work of Sir William Ramsay in Asia Minor casts an interesting light on the statement in St. Luke's Gospel about the decree of Augustus that all the world should be taxed. The Evangelist says that this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria, and that all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city.

Two inscriptions found at Antioch by Sir William show that Cyrenius was actually in Syria at the time, while other inscriptions discovered in Egypt show that the Roman Governor there used precisely the method of taxation described by Luke, requiring every man to return to his own home to be taxed.

A SECRET UP A CHIMNEY

WRITING OF A VANISHED HAND

Romance of a Dutchman
300 Years Ago

A HUT IN NOVA ZEMBLA

It is 331 years since the body of William Barents was lowered from a little open boat into the icy waters of the Arctic, but the story that a manuscript he wrote has come to light in Leyden revives interest in one of the most gallant sailors that Holland ever sent to sea.

The manuscript is said to have been written by Barents in 1594 and to recount stories he had received from Ivor Baardson, one of the last survivors of the Norwegian colony which mysteriously vanished from Greenland.

Barents was not the first of the Arctic giants, but he made three splendid voyages, and was the first of modern explorers to winter in the Arctic, and the first leader to die in the Arctic quest.

A Terrible Winter

His were the days when men used to sail into the bitter North to find a short seaway amid the icebergs to the fabulously wealthy East. They went carrying royal letters to kings and nations there and palaces of great nobles. They were warned if they saw Arctic men wearing the skins of lions and tigers not to be afraid; and if they saw natives gathering gold and diamonds on the coasts to sail in and make friends with them—this in the barren icy wastes where only Arctic beasts can dwell!

In the course of his voyages Barents discovered Spitsbergen, and was caught, to the alarm of all, by the ice of Nova Zembla, his ship smashed and himself and men compelled unexpectedly to spend the terrible winter of 1596-97 on land. They built a hut from the ship's timbers, but the ice formed two inches thick inside it, froze their linen as they washed it, and their drink as they poured it out, and rendered their fire so ineffective that hoar frost formed on their bodies, and their boots and hose burned through without their feeling the damage.

Discovery of the Hut

Barents was magnificent through all, slowly dying, yet the perfection of quiet, cheerful courage. They had a cask for a chimney, and he wrote a diary and hid it in the chimney for anyone that should come there later. After a terrible winter the party took to their boats to row 1500 miles home. Barents and another man died during the voyage, and were buried at sea.

Over 270 years passed, and then Elling Carlsen, a Norwegian captain, who had not read Arctic history, landed in Nova Zembla and found the Barents hut, just as it had been left—the frozen clock, the old hour-glass, the cooking kettle, tools, flute, and a hundred other things. But he did not know to whom they had belonged; he did not look up the chimney.

In the Powder Flask

Five years later an Englishman named Charles Gardiner called, and he did look up the chimney. There he found Barents's powder flask, and in the powder flask Barents's diary, as it had been left so many years before.

Another find was that of two of Barents's charts and what proved to be a manuscript copy of the story of an earlier voyage.

Barents learned many ways and lands and things of the North. He learned that Polar bears could kill and eat his men; that an unventilated cabin can be more fatal than bears; and that cold iron can blister and tear the flesh worse than hot iron. He learned also how to face privation, suffering, and disease as a Christian should, and died a nobly cheerful martyr to a great idea.

THE SUN AND THE WATER-BOTTLE

ODD WAY OF MAKING A FIRE

The Ray of Light and Heat
that Comes 93 Million Miles

WHAT IT DOES

By Peter Simple

This has been a very sunny year, and before the Sun partially disappeared in the fogs of November it indulged in a few fireworks.

It shone through a water-bottle in the County Hall, burned a duster, and so damaged the woodwork that the L.C.C. authorities gave orders that water-bottles should in future be kept out of the sunlight.

This damaging activity on the part of the Sun brought out quite a number of letters from people who had suffered in the same way. Major Austen, the keeper of the butterflies and beetles at the Natural History Museum, wrote to say that when glass water-bottles were in use at the museum, the oak tops of work-tables standing beneath the large windows of the Insect Room, which faces due south, were scarred all over



The new President of America, Mr. Herbert Hoover, and his wife. See page 7

with small burns. On fine summer days a thin spiral of smoke was sometimes seen rising behind a water-bottle left for a short time fully exposed to the Sun. They replaced the bottles by stoneware jugs.

The explanation is to be found in the shape of the water-bottles, which are round. A magnifying glass has a round (or spherical) surface, which is as if it had been cut out of the side of a very large round water-bottle. Rays of light coming through a magnifying glass are spread out like the sticks of a fan on one side of the glass, while on the other side the rays may be thought of as coming to a point, as at the butt end of the fan.

Rays of light coming from the Sun, including heat-rays, can be brought together in this reverse direction at the butt of the fan. They are then said to be focused, and a magnifying glass is sometimes used in this way to focus the heat-rays to a point.

How the Rays Are Bent

When sun-rays pass through the glass of a water-bottle into the water they spread out as they reach the water. What happens to them can be noticed by standing a pencil in a cup of water against the rim. The pencil appears to bend as it touches the water.

If sun-rays passed through a flat-sided bottle they would be bent in this way on one side of the bottle, but would be bent back on reaching the other flat side, and so would come out as they went in.

But when they pass through a globular bottle the rays cannot sort themselves into parallel lines again, and some of them are brought to focus as by the burning or magnifying glass. The heat-rays thus being brought together are intensified, and they burn.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Mascali	Mahs-kah-le
Mausoleum	Maw-so-le-um
Thuringia	Thu-rin-je-ah

THE FLOOD OF FIRE

ETNA BREAKS FORTH

The River of Molten Rock
From the Mouth of the Volcano

TERRIBLE SCENES IN SICILY

Mount Etna, the volcano which towers over Sicily, awoke from its uneasy sleep in the first days of November, and for a week poured out a flood of burning lava.

At night the volcano flared like a fiery beacon over the Strait of Messina.

The air grew hot as if the furnace doors of the reservoirs of molten rock underneath the mountain had been opened, and blasts of fiery gas were issuing from them. Behind the blast came the first sight of the contents of those deep lakes of fire which lie hidden beside the underground crack in the Earth's crust.

Like Molten Metal

A fiery river looking like a slab of white-hot steel began slowly to push its way down from Etna's lofty pinnacle. Its movement at first was so deliberate that it seemed as if a portion of the mountain itself were moving. It was no rolling cloud of fire but a turgid mass like the molten metal pouring out from the open hearth of a steel factory.

With this slow movement was joined a terrifying irresistibility. At first there was one stream, then two. The first stream paused for a few days on its descent through the Val de Leone and the Valle del Bove at the village of Sant Alfio, as if the springs which fed it had exhausted themselves. But when the second greater river of lava had caught and passed it on a parallel route the first stream began to move again. The furnaces were supplying it with reinforcement.

The Fate of Mascali

For more than a week the twin rivers poured down the valleys of the Lion and the Bull. They overwhelmed Sant Alfio and passed it. They reached the thriving town of Mascali, and left it a black waste of wreckage on a smoking tide of moving pumice. On the town's little hill is a cemetery. Its tombstones showing white through the cinder-laden atmosphere were all that was left to tell Mascali's tale.

Having gulped down Mascali, and the pastures and vineyards and market gardens, the river of destruction, dividing again into two streams, poured without haste or remorse down to the sea. One of the branches threatened the larger town of Giarre and its 25,000 inhabitants.

The villagers who dwell on the slopes of Etna and had seen their homes and gardens swept away in the volcano's fateful outpouring were stupefied into inactivity. To them it was like a blow of Fate from which there was no appeal.

Little Loss of Life

Like dumb creatures they were herded along the roads to safety, and every road was jammed with motor-lorries and motor-cars, lent by the people of Catania and other cities for taking the refugees and their belongings away. It is reported that 800 houses were destroyed and some five thousand people rendered homeless.

There was little loss of life. Etna's overflow had been so gradual, and Southern Italy and Sicily are so inured to these cataclysms, that the authorities seemed better prepared for them than London is for a snowfall. Gangs of labourers removed the rails of the railway line and thousands of soldiers and volunteers toiled to deflect by trenches the course of the lava to the sea.

LUDO OF TOC H

Carrying the Lamp into Dark Places

A window has been unveiled in the Toc H Church (All Hallows, Barking) in memory of the first Eastern correspondent of Toc H, Sir Ludovic Porter.

His friend Sir Harcourt Butler spoke of him, and we take these words from what he said of "Ludo."

There was only one and never can be another Ludo. Generous, hospitable, and entirely human, he established a hold on the hearts of men such as few people have had in any place or at any time. His loyalty to his friends was almost a passion, and nothing mean or ungenerous could live long beside Ludo.

He had the heart of a child and the head of a big man. I do not think that he had a real enemy in the world. He was that rare and precious being, a practical idealist. He was happiest when he had done something to help his fellow-men, and he read history as the record of a procession of human men and women.

Devotion was the keynote of his life. When he retired from service he was for a time without an object for his devotion, and then he found in Toc H a new cause to work for, an ideal form of social service, to which he devoted the rest of his all too short life.

"We stand here very close to the ashes of our friend," concluded Sir Harcourt Butler. "It would be Ludo's wish, could he speak to us here in words as he speaks to us by his example, that you should never want workers to carry the Lamp into the dark places of the world."

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

On the dullest day in Liverpool Clayton Square is gay with flowers. The flower-girls sit there tying chrysanthemums into bunches, and violets into posies.

The Lady Mayoress, or to give her the right official title, the Lord Mayor, Miss Margaret Beavan, was walking there and smiled to see the pretty sight. The flower-sellers smiled back at her, and one of them walked across the road with a bunch of violets—a flower-girl's vote!

The Lord Mayor took them with a happy word of thanks—and a week or so after invited the flower-girls one and all to come to a mayoral reception. Gladly they went, and took with them a bouquet of red and white carnations, tied with silk ribbon and with a card inscribed "With sincere love and good wishes to the Lord Mayor from the Flower Sellers of Clayton Square."

These are the acts of the kind and just, which, as the poet said, smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

THINGS SAID

Let us so play that we work better.

Professor Ernest Barker

The policy of the Government is friendship all round.

Lord Cushendun

Jupiter seems to have been grossly misbehaving himself.

President of Astronomical Society

An oyster gets into trouble if it opens its mouth. Often a bishop does the same.

Bishop of Chelmsford

If people would take half as much trouble about health as they do about wealth disease could be banished.

Professor J. B. S. Haldane

After being in America a fear fills my heart that I shall begin my sentence with: Say lissun, I'm gonna tell you somepin.

Mr. St. John Ervine

If you put your eggs in another man's basket you do not know how he is carrying it. I would rather carry my own eggs.

Mr. Selfridge

I am a Maori chief, a Boy Scout, a draper, and an officer in all three services.

The Duke of York

A PRICE PUZZLE

CHEAP CORN MAKES DEAR BREAD

Something Wrong With Our Curious System of Marketing SUPPLY AUTOCRAT WANTED

Toward the end of October the price of bread was increased by a halfpenny for a four-pound loaf. On the same day complaints were published from farmers that English wheat, the finest grown for years, was being sold at a loss, a drug in the market.

Here is a mystery beyond the understanding of the average mind. Last year, sunless and chilly, our corn was poor in quality; this year, thanks to the brilliant sunshine, it is plentiful and excellent, yet the 1928 price paid to the farmers is ten shillings a quarter less than that for last year's corn of imperfect quality—and bread goes up in price.

Wheat for Cows and Sheep

There would seem to be something wrong in a system of marketing which allows anomalies such as this to exist; corn, good, abundant, unsaleable at reasonable prices, and the food of the people raised when farmers are willing and anxious to sell prime material.

Irony is added to the situation by the fact that foreign feeding stuffs, maize, for example, have been so dear that farmers with sheep and cattle to feed have been unable to buy. They have used their prime English wheat instead; wheat for cows and sheep which should have been made into bread, while the animals ate the maize.

The law of supply and demand seems to have become confused and ravelled, with the result that corn is disastrously cheap while bread is inexplicably costly. Something of the same sort of confusion attends London's coal supply. The bulk of the fuel for the capital comes from the Midlands, where the coal owners, in order to export cheaply, fix a high price for London's supply.

What England Needs

Scotland and the northern counties are anxious to secure a share of London's orders. If they could get the coal to town they could sell the best quality at about £1 a ton less than Londoners now have to pay.

But whereas London got all her coal by ship in Captain Cook's day now the facilities for handling water-borne material are inadequate, and the advantage that the North offers cannot at once be grasped. The coal is in the North, the need is in the South, but between supply and demand there seems a gulf not soon to be bridged. England has need of an Autocrat of Supplies.

HORSE v. CAR

Where the Motor is Beaten

People often wonder how it is that horses are still to be seen drawing loads in crowded city streets in spite of the competition of the motor-lorry.

The reason is that horse haulage remains the cheaper of the two. The National Horse Association has been going into the comparative figures and it gives the cost per ton of goods removed at 3s. 7d. by horse-drawn vehicles against 5s. 1d. for motor-lorries.

This includes, in the case of the horse-drawn lorries, the cost of feeding, renewal and repair of harness, depreciation of horse and cart, shoeing and veterinary services, stabling, repairs to the cart, and the driver's wages and insurance; while in the case of the motor-lorry the driver's wages, oils, waste, depreciation, garaging, licence, and repairs are included.

A Manchester merchant found that the cost of collection and delivery was less than a penny for each piece with horses, and twice as much with motors.

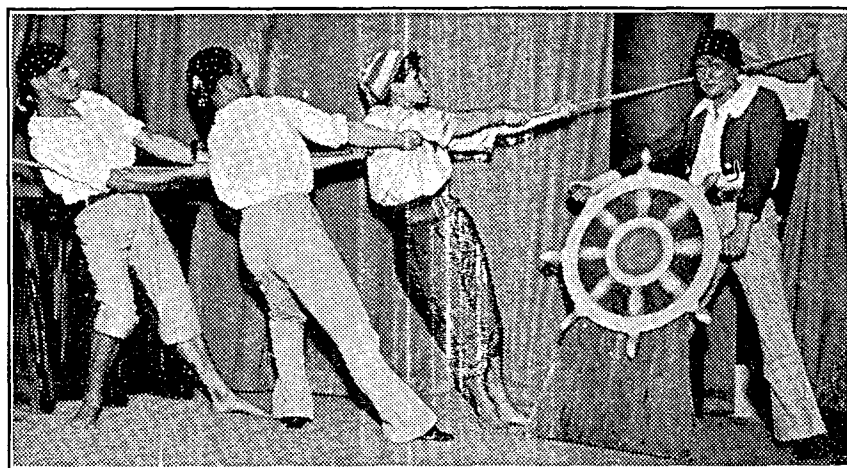
THE LITTLE THEATRE OF DELIGHT



Tony at the Court of Fairyland



A scene from "Won't You Go My Way?"



Hauling in the Bowline



Three Ancient Men of Lubinloo

The smallest licensed playhouse in London is the Children's Theatre. It is run by professionals with performances at a quarter to six daily. These photographs are of scenes from plays now running. See page 4.

THE ARAB AND HIS TROUSERS

AN OLD PROBLEM COMES UP

How They Settled It in Ireland Long Ago

FOUR SUBJECT KINGS

The Arabs of the Persian province of Khuzistan are in revolt against the decree that they must forsake their ancient robes and put on trousers. Doubtless they imagine that such an indignity was never inflicted upon men since the world began.

They do not know their Froissart, or they would know there is a precedent even for this heart-searching crisis which has set Oriental passions mounting.

After Richard the Second's expedition to Ireland Froissart was approached by an English squire named Henry Castide or Cristale.

"Sir John," he said, "have you as yet found anyone to give you an account of the late expedition to Ireland, and how four kings of that country submitted themselves to King Richard?"

The Squire's Glowing Story

As the historian had not the squire told his glowing story, the more eagerly from the fact that he himself had had the custody and tuition of the four subject kings, and desired that his performance might be had in perpetual remembrance, as he said.

The royal four were taken by the squire to a handsome house in Dublin, and there put through a course of training in knightly behaviour. For example, they were taught not to make grimaces at table, and not to allow their minstrels and servants to eat and drink with them from the royal plates and cups.

The chief trouble came over the imposition of trousers, or breeches, as they were called. The royal stalwarts had been wont to go roughly clad and to ride their horses without saddle and stirrups; and when the squire laid before them trousers made of cloth and linen for themselves and their attendants they were aghast and would not put them on. The resolute Englishman was not to be outdone. He took away their old garments and left those which he thought suited to their station.

Robes of Ermine

He gave them not only the trousers but a full equipment; "robes of silken cloth, trimmed with squirrel skin or miniver," or ermine, as we should say. The kings stoutly refused to wear them. Their realm they might cheerfully surrender, their plates and cups they might consent to keep unsullied by the rude hands and lips of servants, but put on trousers they would not: an Irish king's good nature can be overtaxed.

The squire remained firm and persuasive, and at last either the chill of the weather or his unwearying tact and persistence won the day.

The four kings put on the four pairs of trousers and were content.

"Keep this in your memory," said the squire gravely to Froissart, "and when you return home insert it in your chronicles."

"Henry," replied the historian, "you have well spoken; and it shall be done."

A WISE LAW ABOUT PETROL

It cannot be said too often that cleaning clothes with petrol indoors is very dangerous, so dangerous that there is a law against it.

Anyone using petrol in such a way in a private house is liable to a fine of £20 a day. Moreover, it is illegal for anyone to have more than a pint of petrol in a house.

Petrol may be ignited from a flame twenty feet away, and the law against foolish use of it is a very wise one.

WHO WANTS A HAPPY HOUR?

WHERE TO GET IT

The Jolliest Audience In All
London Town

SUCCESS OF THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE

We have been to see a little place that is playing its way into history. Not very long ago it was a shop. Today it is one of the jolliest places in London, the Children's Theatre.

We do not think we have ever spent a happier hour than in this theatre. It is the smallest playhouse licensed by the L.C.C., but by no means the worst. It is, indeed, among the very best. It has proper plays and proper players. It is run by professionals like any ordinary theatre, and its plays are better worth seeing than half the plays now running.

Not To Be Beaten

For those who want to be quite sure of what they give to their little ones, for those grown-ups whose hearts are young enough to love a good thing, to laugh at a funny thing, and to be moved by a beautiful thing, the Children's Theatre is just the place. In its way it is not to be beaten. It is more alive than any cinema; it is full of movement and colour and music and bright people. It has a touch of imagination in it that keeps a child's eyes wide open, and it has something that no grown-up theatre we know has ever had—an audience in itself as good as a stage, a sight of sheer delight.

The stage itself is worth the money easily (you pay what you like up to 5s. 9d. to help to keep the cheap seats going), but the forty children in the sixpenny seats are worth the money twice over. This is their Paradise. They have come from a slum into a wonderful world, their bright eyes filled with amazement, their laughter rippling like a running brook, their hands and feet keeping rhythm now and then with the music they love. If we had not been born an optimist the sight of so much happiness in forty sixpenny seats would make us one.

Love of a Beautiful Thing

And there was more than the laughter of these children that stirred something within us. In the heart of every child is the love of a beautiful thing, and very striking it was to hear the clapping of their hands when the head popping through the curtains announced *The King's Messenger*. These patrons of the Children's Theatre knew what was coming, and they clapped their hands; no other item had such a rousing welcome. In this little scene there are not many words, and we do not think the children catch them, but this was the most beautiful thing on the stage. They loved its colour, its graceful movement, its rhythm, and its lovely singing. It was not just a chance that the thing they liked most was the most beautiful part of the programme. It was natural that it should be so, and the thought of it put into our minds an idea that we will set down here.

A Ring of Joy Round London

There should be a ring of Children's Theatres round London. There should be one in every poor neighbourhood. There is enough dramatic talent in any district to do it, and we can think of nothing that would brighten the lives and help to mould the characters of the children in crowded streets and gloomy slums more than theatres like this. What could be better than Miss Margaret Carter's little play *Half Past Thirteen*, or the musical burlesque of *The Antics of Algernon*, or that jolly little bit called *Honey Pots*, or *The Knight from Spain*, or *Polly Perkins* of Paddington Green, or those sea chanteys

HAROLD LARWOOD

SOMETHING LIKE A BOWLER

Doings of the Test Match
Team in Australia

THE PALM FOR SPEED

One of the advantages of difference of time is that as Australia is roughly ten hours ahead of Greenwich we get cricket news from the other side of the world before lunch. As we sit down to read the scores in the midday papers people in Australia are going to bed, their day's work and play long ended.

Up to the present our Test team has had ill-luck in its health, but fifteen of its members have quickly run into form. Centuries are coming from the batsmen, and the bowlers seem likely to attain the skill and accuracy which caused them to be chosen for the visit.

Australia is never beaten in a match until the last wicket falls, but the signs so far are all encouraging.

Our Fastest Bowler

A statement published in the C.N. during the summer that Harold Larwood is the fastest bowler in England, and probably in the world, provoked correspondence from readers who differed from our judgment. Today journalists and cricketers are confirming our opinion.

When the young Notts man recently dismissed seven Victoria batsmen for 51 runs, batsmen who included five of Australia's Test players, the feat was pronounced one of the finest bowling performances ever seen on the famous Melbourne ground. Many people have thought that Macdonald, the Australian who bowls so well for Lancashire, and Constantine, the hero of the West Indies team, have greater pace than the younger man, and wrote their views emphatically.

It was pointed out by the C.N. at the time that to spectators and cricket writers little Larwood appears less swift than some other taller bowlers; but men who have played against him are the best judges, and they award him the palm.

Stump That Disappeared

Now comes the unhesitating judgment of Mr. Arthur Gilligan, himself a redoubtable fast bowler, and captain of the last English team in Australia, who says that "those of us who have played against him on fast wickets know that Larwood is two yards faster than any other bowler in England."

A fine bat, Mr. Gilligan tells us how he was served by one of Larwood's deliveries: "When I was playing for Sussex against Notts at Hastings I saw my leg stump disappearing over the wicket-keeper's head about 12 yards away." What Larwood then did at Hastings he has been repeating in Australia, and we all hope he will renew his strength and speed for the Test Matches. He is, we believe, the youngest member of the team, 24 this month.

Continued from the previous column

that made us wish we were out on a tramp steamer voyaging to Rio Grande?

Nothing could be very much better, and many a time we hope to leave the C.N. to look after itself while we run to 81, Endell Street, at the bottom of Shaftesbury Avenue, two minutes from Drury Lane Theatre and two minutes from the British Museum. We shall ring up Temple Bar 7944 and book our seats for a quarter to six, sure that, however much we pay, it will be worth it many times.

In the meantime we congratulate Miss Joan Luxton, who runs the Children's Theatre; Miss Margaret Cooper, who helps to make it go with her plays; Mr. Geoffrey Wincott, who helps to produce them; Miss Veronica Cook, who plays the piano, and everybody else concerned in London's smallest and most delightful house of pleasure.

AN EMPEROR ASCENDS HIS THRONE

SCENE IN JAPAN'S OLD CAPITAL

The Cry of the Multitudes
of People

MIRROR, STONE, AND SWORD

After nearly two years of mourning the new Emperor of Japan, Hirohito Tenno Heika, and his Empress Nagako have been solemnly enthroned.

We should call it a coronation in England, but the crown plays no prominent part in the ceremony at Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan.

When the first of Japan's 124 rulers, the mythical Jimmu Tenno, came to the throne about the time of Romulus, the grandson of Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, came to earth by the Floating Bridge of Heaven, bringing with him the Three Sacred Treasures, the Mirror, the

Ten Years of Good Things

Ten years have gone since the War ended. What has life been doing with this welter of a world left behind by the war?

This is what the C.N. Monthly says about it in a Christmas Number survey of Ten Years of Good Things.

WE think that on the whole Life has been doing well. It is easy to dwell on the gloomy things, on the things that almost break the human heart; but it is better to dwell on the good things, and if we look back over these ten years we are driven to the conviction that there have been no ten years in history that can compare with them for good events.

SEE MY MAGAZINE

Now Ready Everywhere

Jewel, and the Sword, and delivered to the new ruler her message:

Govern with the pure lustre of this Mirror. Deal with thy people as smoothly as the round face of this Stone. Combat thy enemy with this Sword, and slay them on the edge thereof.

And so, when this remote descendant drove to his enthronement in his carriage of red and gold drawn by six horses, the Shrine of Amaterasu, containing the Sacred Mirror, was borne before him in a palanquin by 32 noble youths, and the Sword of the Heavenly Clouds and the Jewel came after.

The Octagonal Throne

Reaching Shishiden, the Hall of Ceremonies in the Royal Palace of Goshu, the Emperor ascended the great octagonal Throne, the seat of the High, of black lacquer ornamented with gold, set with mirrors and hung with purple brocade, while the Empress ascended a smaller throne beside him. Only the privileged few, the Samurai of ancient lineage, were present. Before these the Emperor uttered the Imperial Rescript, announcing his accession first to the spirits of his ancestors and then to his people, and took the oath before the Mirror, Stone, and Sword, in the words of the Sun Goddess of old.

Then the Prime Minister raised a great shout, echoed by the concourse outside, and, by a time signal, by assembled multitudes throughout the Empire: "Tenno Heika Banzai! May Tenno Heika live ten thousand years! Banzai, Banzai, Banzai!"

The cry was three times renewed, and so the great ceremony ended.

SLAVE LIVES TO BE A HERO

Bearing the Banner of Christianity in Dark Places WIFE OF A GREAT EXPLORER

Fifty years ago George Grenfell, the great missionary explorer, who with Comber and Bentley, completed the work of Sir H. M. Stanley of the opening up of the Congo region of Central Africa, married an African wife.

This lady, who has just died in Jamaica, had been Miss Rose Patience Edgerley. She was a member of a Negro family long resident in the West Indies. They had, however, returned in 1827 to their native land, from which they had been originally taken as slaves, and settled on the Cameroons coast.

For thirty years, until the death of her husband in 1907, she shared his perils in the course of his missionary and exploration work. She was present at Stanley Pool in 1883, when almost single-handed, after the death of the engineer who had brought out the little steamship Peace in scores of sections from England, George Grenfell built up the famous boat which has carried the flag of Christianity into the heart of Africa.

Far Up the Congo River

She sailed with her husband to the farthest navigable reaches of the Congo River, and laboured for many years in the education of the women and children of Bolobo, one of the first mission stations founded in the interior. Together they mourned the loss of several children in the unhealthy district in which they lived, but three daughters survived to comfort their mother when she came to England in 1907 and finally settled in Jamaica, where she has now passed away.

Rose Patience Grenfell, descendant of slaves and member of a despised race, showed herself a true helpmeet to her white husband, and shared with him the privilege of being a true Christian missionary.

POOR CAPTAIN DRAKE

The sailor with the name of Drake has met with misfortune; the Lone Sea Rover has lost his 35-foot schooner in which he was sailing round the world.

Readers will remember how the 65-year-old Captain Drake had built his schooner *Pilgrim* from driftwood near Seattle, and had sailed her down the Pacific Coast, through the Panama Canal, and across the wide Atlantic to Rotterdam in Holland, and how he was to sail thence by the Cape to Australia and so home again.

For 20 years Captain Drake has sailed the seas single-handed. "Just for fun," he says, "I have always loved the sea and find it a great life."

But a storm arose among the Dutch islands, and the *Pilgrim* was driven ashore off the island of Goeree. He was rescued by the crew of a fishing-boat, who transferred him to the motor-lifeboat from Stellendam. All the poor fellow's possessions are gone except a few clothes and instruments.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS DOG

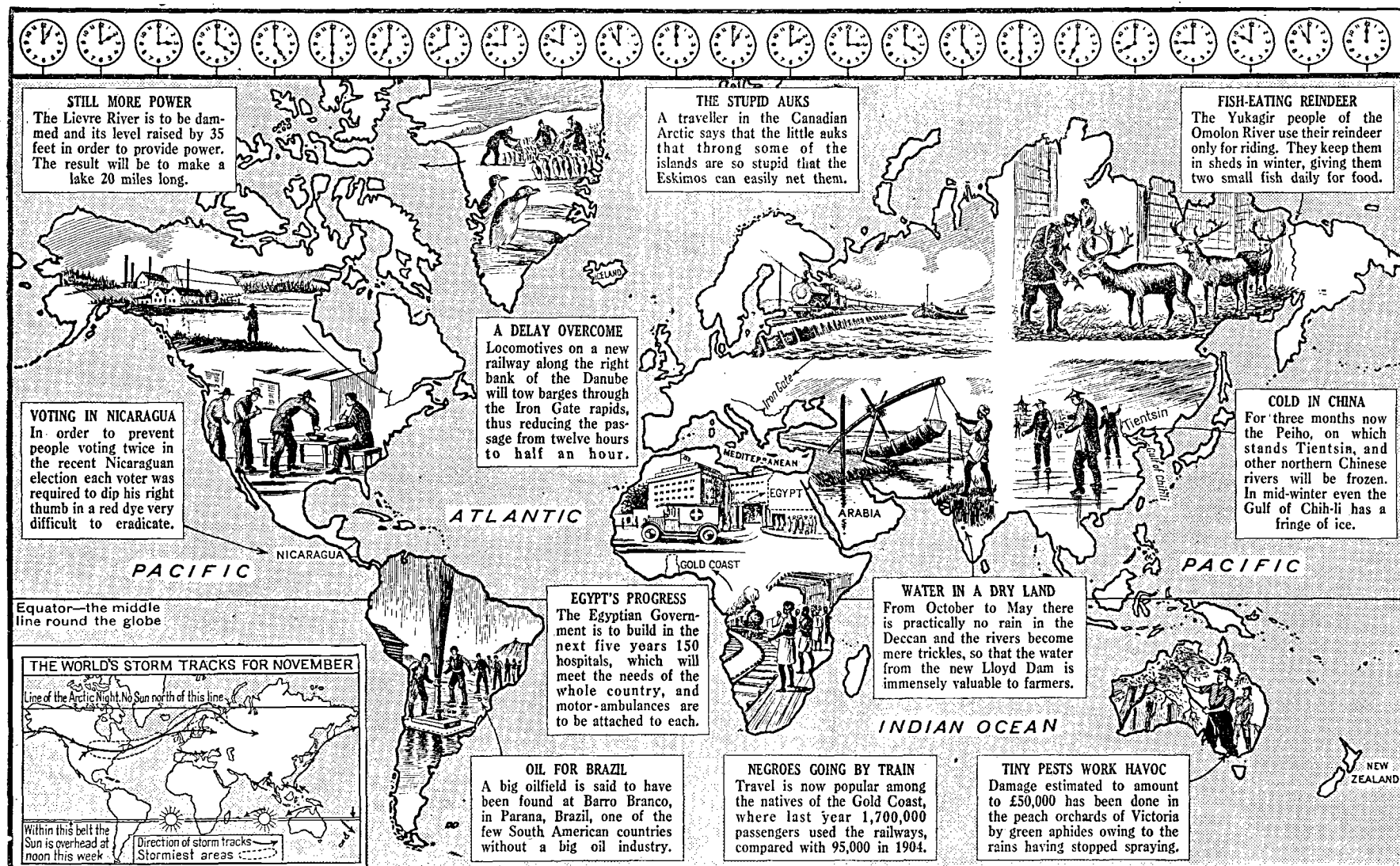
An old man was summoned the other day for keeping a dog without a licence.

He said he was half-blind and was too poor to pay, but he loved the dog and could not bear to part with it. The magistrates paid for the licence.

An account of the case appeared in the newspapers, and strangers wrote from all quarters promising to pay for the licence in years to come.

The world is so full of kind people that no one is allowed to be unhappy for long, once his story is known.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE FLOATING ISLAND

A Marvel in a German Forest

It is not often, in Europe at least, that islands are to be seen floating on the quiet surface of the water, but in Thuringia this wonder is to be seen.

Thuringia is a German principality famous for its romantic forest-lands, and it is in the mirror-like waters of a little lake hidden in trees that a little island has formed without having anchorage for its roots in the bed of the lake. So the island (or rather two islands, for lately a piece of the original one has broken away) move to and fro as the wind carries them. They are not mere clumps of brushwood, but solid earth, on which a landing may be made, and they have their own flora and fauna, including that most unpleasant plant with the pretty name of sundew, which traps and eats insects.

REMARKABLE CONGRESS

Facts About Russia

Time was, in the words of the old rhyme, when

*An Austrian Army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.*

The other day, on the initiative of King Alexander and the Government of Yugo-Slavia, the historic city was the scene of another invasion. A remarkable Russian literary congress, the first of its kind to be held since the war, was held there.

It was decided to form a central committee of Russian journalists and writers and to take steps to keep public opinion informed of the conditions of life in the Bolshevik Republics.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 111	Southampton 5.61 ins.
Total rainfall 3.62 ins.	Ross-on-Wye 5.39 ins.
Dry days . . . 10	Liverpool 3.34 ins.
Wet days . . . 21	Dublin 2.87 ins.
Hottest days . . 5, 17	Tynemouth 2.71 ins.
Coldest days . 13, 29	Edinburgh 2.71 ins.

A THING WELL SAID

Captain Cook's Epitaph

We do not think enough prominence was given in the Captain Cook celebrations to one of the finest things written about him, the inscription on his monument at Whitby. Here it is:

For the lasting memory of a great Yorkshire seaman this bronze has been cast and is left in the keeping of Whitby, the birthplace of those good ships that bore him on his enterprises, brought him to glory, and left him at rest.

We agree with the good man who wrote to The Times to say that the perfect rhythm and beautiful simplicity of these words seem to deserve a high place in monumental literature.

NAPOLÉON'S PRISON AS IT IS

"Longwood is no more the house of the Emperor; it is that of the curator," writes a correspondent who has visited this year the house in St. Helena in which Napoleon spent his last days.

Visitors are admitted to two only of the rooms, the waiting-room and the room in which Napoleon passed away. The bedroom, study, library, and bathroom are occupied by the curator. It is as if the curator of Versailles occupied the bedroom of Louis the Fourteenth.

TRAVELLER'S JOY

A lady who is British-born, but has a fellow-feeling for Germany, writes to appeal to the C.N.'s fairmindedness not to leave Germany without honourable mention when it speaks of tipping.

In that reformed land, she says, as in France and Italy, nobody expects tips, and all accept the regulation ten per cent. This, remarks our correspondent, adds to the dignity of the hotel servants and makes it more pleasant for the traveller.

It may do, but the C.N.'s experience, which dates to days before the war, is that it makes things no cheaper, for tips in Germany used to be very small.

FRIEND OF ALL

Newspaper Does a Fine Thing

The French newspaper *Friend of the People* (*L'Ami du Peuple*) has given the sum of one million francs for the use of the Boy Scout Movement in France.

This generous gift is part of the newspaper campaign to bring about a great national reconciliation through the fusing together of all classes begun during the war.

Believing the good of the country to be at stake it thinks the Boy Scout Movement, by its policy of mutual help, will be the most practical means of bringing this about, and it wants to see the young men of every family and every class in France united in brotherhood.

GOOD-BYE TO THE FISHERS

And to the Sovereign

So we must say good-bye to the Bradburys and Fishers, and teach ourselves to handle new notes in our marketing, notes green and notes red.

The familiar Treasury Notes we have been accustomed to since the war drove out the gold sovereigns and half-sovereigns; the Notes signed for the Treasury first by Sir John Bradbury and then by Sir Warren Fisher are being recalled; and new Bank of England Notes are being issued instead, green £1 notes and red 10s. notes.

We fear it all means that the sovereign will not come back.

THE POLICEMAN'S BULL'S-EYE

One of the small new responsibilities of Scotland Yard is the charging week by week of the 16,000 accumulators belonging to the 8000 electric lamps carried by London policemen on their beats.

Before these electric lamps were adopted policemen used to carry bull's-eye lanterns burning oil. Besides being messy and smelly, the heat they gave out was very uncomfortable for the constables wearing them on their belts.

MR. SASTRI'S FINE WORK

Reconciling Race Feuds

There is sorrow in South Africa at the announcement that Mr. Sastri, a distinguished Indian, is resigning his position as Agent of the Indian Government in South Africa.

Mr. Sastri has done a wonderful work during the two years he has held this post. Before he took it up South Africa was rent with hatred between the Europeans and Indians living there. Mr. Sastri went at the invitation of the Union Government to carry out a policy of conciliation and adjustment among them, and the change he has brought about is said to be almost miraculous.

His fine personality created respect among Europeans for his countrymen, and he taught reason and good sense to both sides in their quarrels. No man in our time has done a finer work for the Empire.

THE AFRICAN'S GOOD RULES

The African, even in his most primitive state, has beliefs and rules which show not only that he is a sportsman but that he has an understanding that there are virtues such as self-sacrifice and helpfulness.

This is shown by some of the Ten Commandments of a West African Secret Society which were quoted at the annual conference of the Primitive Methodist Laymen's League at Buxton the other day by the Rev. F. W. Dodds, a missionary in Nigeria. Here are some of them:

Respect your father and your mother.
Avoid offending the feelings of propriety that your parents hold sacred.
Be just to your enemy; rescue him when he is in danger; and never go out of your way to get him into trouble.
Watch to take the weakest side; always side with the one against the many.
Stealing is undignified; if you covet a thing ask for it; if it is refused go without it.

Good as some of these rules are, we realise when we read them how much finer are those in the Sermon on the Mount.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 24 1928

The Gospel From a Temple of Books

It is a long time since we printed here some words on the Bookless House. Now we have come upon some most admirable words spoken by Dr. Guppy, the famous keeper of the treasures of learning in the John Rylands Library at Manchester.

Dr. Guppy was helping to keep the twenty-first birthday of the public library of the Lancashire town of Radcliffe, and what he said should be read everywhere.

SEVEN millions of young people, said Dr. Guppy, need books to read, and if they could be led to read the books that matter half our social problems would solve themselves, for mean souls would disappear, and mean streets too.

Dr. Guppy asked his hearers to imagine the condition of people who did not read. Imagine the lives of bookless people. They stumble along in darkness, unconscious that human labour has constructed a great viaduct which bridges the ages, across which knowledge of the best things comes to us, and across which we are able to hold intercourse with the master minds of the past. That viaduct is formed by books which should be found in any good library. If we are to make headway in life we must have access to the mind and memory of the human race, and it is enshrined for us in books.

Think of the immense fields of scholarly talent lying undeveloped, potencies of mind and intellect lying dormant, awaiting the vivifying influence of a library. Many of our most eminent scholars were not men of scholarly lineage. They were sons of toil like Paul the tent-maker, Epictetus the slave, Piers the ploughman, Shakespeare the player, Bunyan the brazier, and Burns the farmer.

Books can annihilate time and space like a magic carpet. With their aid a man may rove the Dark Continent with Livingstone and Stanley, follow Scott and his comrades to the Pole, accompany Amundsen in his quest for the North Pole, or wander through Arabia with Doughty, Lawrence, and Gertrude Bell. In a library we can find centuries bridged on a shelf, and generations of great men meeting there.

All that is finely said; Dr. Guppy is wise both in inspiration and in warning. No one knows better than he the true and the false uses of a library, and we are inclined to add a word about our public libraries. No library supported by public funds has a right to provide anybody with any book merely because he happens to want it. In proportion to the importance of making true literature available for all is the importance of avoiding the circulation of the trash of an hour. Both cannot be afforded, and what we need is that the best of all shall be available for all.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Cheap at the Price

WHO will give a penny to a poor working-man? The Hastings ratepayers have agreed in a body to give a halfpenny a head of their money for forty years in this good cause.

They will get value for it because the halfpennies will be spent on iron pipes made at Stanton for their water-mains. The tender of the Stanton firm was about a thousand pounds more than that of a foreign firm, but Hastings decided to scorn the expense and give a mite to help the unemployed. We hope their water supply will be the sweeter for it.

The Boy Who Got On

CAN love create talent? There is a true story that almost proves it can be so.

Long ago in Belgium a poor blacksmith fell in love with the daughter of a famous English painter. She loved him in return, but her father proudly informed the blacksmith that there could be no marriage, because he had made a vow that his daughter should marry a painter of great merit.

The blacksmith did not return to his smithy in despair. He thought of a way out. He would gaze at his hands and mutter sadly, *A painter!*, but he resolved to try. He took lessons in painting, and to everybody's amazement he began to get on rather well. Love made him work with furious energy; love made him persevere. He became famous after some years and he married his lady.

That man was Quentin Matsys, honoured now all over the world. The writer stood before one of his pictures the other day in Antwerp, and was awestruck by the rich colouring and the living grace of a girl's figure.

The Hound and the Otter

WE are sorry to see that a pack of otter hounds has been injured by tins and bottles thrown in the river. It is a cruel thing.

We are also sorry to see that the people who complain of it have not a word to say of the injury the hounds did to the otters.

The Empire in Picture

MANY parts of the Empire await the artistic photographer, said a lecture we were reading recently.

The C.N. agrees: there is a great opportunity for Empire photographers everywhere to achieve distinction. An editor who has been giving the world pictures for a quarter of a century was heard to say the other day that the least satisfactory part of the British Empire for the Picture Editor is Australia. No part of the Empire is less well served by the camera, yet no part has more magnificent opportunities.

This is True

A good friend in the North of England sends us this true story for our gardeners to laugh at.

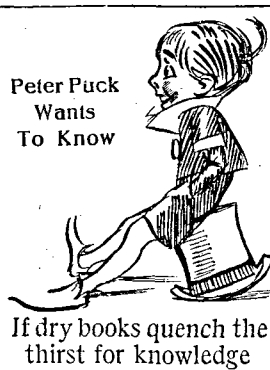
A FASHIONABLE lady bitten with an ignorant enthusiasm for gardening the other day determined to dig round some old roots herself, and after a few minutes called out to her husband: "Oh, how delicious! I've discovered a lovely spring in our garden."

Her delighted husband rushed to the scene, to find that his wife had severed the main water-pipe!

Tip-Cat

A MAN recently fainted in a telephone box. And revived, no doubt, to hear a voice saying, Sorry you have been troubled.

A DANCING mistress in London is said to be getting the salary of a Cabinet Minister. So he is not dancing for nothing.



AN author thinks a good cover makes the success of a novel. Yet it cannot succeed, of course, till it has been discovered.

A SCIENTIST finds that the tongue generates electricity. That is why audiences often burst into thunders of applause.

WE are told that there are many people we must look up to. But will they look down on us?

WHEN we buy a thing for a song we do not always have to give notes for it.

A Prayer From Roedean

O Eternal God, who hast created us to do Thy work and to serve Thee in this generation according to our capacities, give us grace so wisely to spend our time and use our opportunities that we may best resist all temptations and be profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth. Take from us all childishness and selfishness, and give us both a diligent and active spirit with such wisdom in ordering our life that when our Lord comes He may find us improving the talent He has entrusted to us.

The Masterpiece

Not every man can paint a picture, Not every man can write a song, Not every man can build a temple To stand for ages, white and strong.

But God has granted in His goodness That every man may plant a tree. What sweeter song, what fairer picture, What lovelier house of prayer could be?

O, who could match the orchard's picture,

With every season new delights, Its boughs all buds on April mornings And filled with stars on winter nights?

J. F.

The Lady Who Loved Letters

By One of Her Neighbours

"So you are very sorry that your aunt has gone," I said to a cottager who lives at the dead end of a straggly country lane. It was a visit of condolence.

"I didn't like my aunt," said the oldish spinster with great frankness; "it was her letters that I liked. She was a great letter-writer—couldn't keep off it somehow! Twice a week regularly came the letter from Leeds all about people I'd never seen. I enjoyed it, and sent her a card to tell her so now and then. Now do you know, miss, there isn't a single creature in the world left to write to me! Muggridge the postman will never have to walk this lane again!"

A tear rolled down her face.

Writing Parlours

I went off feeling that she was indeed to be pitied. Imagine having no hopes of the postman! And I thought of many things regarding letters, especially of how poor natives get their letters written for them in the East by professional letter-writers. I wondered if the great natural letter-writers among us could not establish a sort of business, supposing they were idle and poor; engaging to write chatty, amusing letters to the lonely and craving folk among us who never see enough envelopes on the breakfast table. I thought how people would appreciate a clean room set apart at a large railway station, where tables and writing-paper could be found, and cards and stamps to post them would be at hand. I thought of a scheme for opening Writing Parlours in our great cities, where one could write in cleanliness and peace. I mused on all the extra letters that might thus be written in pauses of time to speed on their way to eager and isolated folk.

I carried all this about as a sort of burden; thinking of the old spinster's sad letterless days in the moss-grown cottage. But I do not think of it at all now, and for a good reason. She is lonely no more. Although there was no longer any excuse for wandering up that bowery lane between wild roses and traveller's joy, Muggridge the postman still goes to the cottage of the old spinster. He has married her!

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE men's choir of Barclays Bank has raised 1000 guineas for the National Children's Home.

LONDON CORPORATION is giving £500 to poor widows at Christmas.

THE Prince of Wales has spent £1000 on his Lambeth estate since the war.

THE Society of Friends is finding allotments for unemployed miners.

FIRST-AID Boxes for injured animals are being supplied to motorists by the People's Dispensary.

AMERICA'S CHOICE BIGGEST ELECTION EVER SEEN

America Sticks to Prohibition and Prosperity

NO GOING BACK

The whole world has been interested in the Presidential election in America; the biggest election the world has ever seen.

There were 45 million people entitled to vote and 35 million did vote. They elected a President, a House of Representatives, and a part of the Senate, and in every case the Republican Party beat the Democrats overwhelmingly.

By far the greatest interest was taken in the election of President. From the first it was pretty certain Mr. Herbert Hoover, the Republican candidate, would win, but his Democratic opponent, Mr. Alfred Smith (Al Smith, as his friends called him), Governor of New York State, made such a brilliant fight that people who wanted him to win were almost able to persuade themselves that he would do so.

How the President is Elected

What the people actually vote for in a Presidential election is an Electoral College consisting of delegates from each of the States in proportion to their populations, which in turn elects the President. But, as every delegate has pledged himself beforehand to vote for this or that Presidential candidate, the result of the meeting of the Electoral College is a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Hoover won in 40 out of the 48 States, which means that in each of these 40 States, whether the actual majority there was large or small, the whole of its votes went to him, so that of the total of 531 electoral votes Mr. Hoover secured 444. The actual totals of the votes cast by the people themselves were much less unevenly divided, though even there Mr. Hoover's victory was decisive.

Letting Well Alone

There has ceased to be any very clear political distinction between what the Republicans stand for and what the Democrats stand for, beyond a general tendency for the Republicans to be more Conservative than the Democrats. The chief reason for Mr. Hoover's victory seems to have been the idea that as America is on the whole exceedingly prosperous just now it would be best to keep the Republicans in office to carry on President Coolidge's policy; in fact, to let well alone.

There were, however, two particular issues which had their strong influence on the result. Mr. Hoover stood for the strict enforcement of Prohibition; and Mr. Smith, while determined not to restore the saloon (what we call the public-house), would like to modify the law so as to make it possible to enforce it more effectively. But employers of labour and the masses of the women voters were determined to take no risk of a return to the old bad days of drinking, and they voted for Mr. Hoover.

Religious Prejudice

The other consideration which told against Mr. Smith was the fact that he is a Roman Catholic. In England no Roman Catholic can occupy the Throne; and the Americans have shown that they have the same feeling about their own Chief Magistrate. Apart from this, however, there has been a good deal of rather bitter religious prejudice in the election, which Mr. Hoover, to his honour, strove to repress.

The Americans are rich beyond their dreams. They attribute this prosperity largely to Prohibition and things as they are; and they have decided to leave them alone. We can only hope that Mr. Hoover will live fully up to his promise to stand by "the common sense and ideals of the American people." Peace will then be assured, for of all things that is the thing America loves.

THE STOP-THIEF RAY

THE way of the burglar is hard. The way of the cat-burglar is very hard. The way of the burglar who steps into the new ray will be hardest of all. It will end in the arms of the policeman.

The new ray is invisible. No burglar tiptoeing in the darkness toward the safe will see it. If he turns on his own flashlight the ray will still be stealthily waiting for him and he will not be able to avoid it.

He will step across the room, but as soon as he passes across the ray that stretches like an invisible spider's web from wall to wall—click! ping!—and all the burglar alarms in the room are ringing!

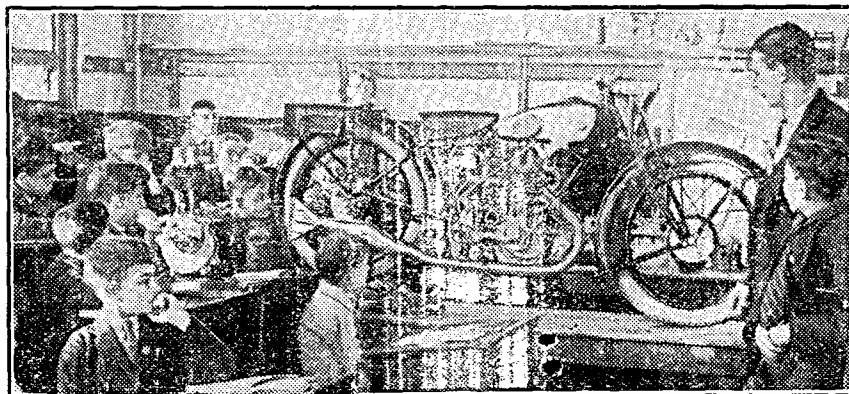
If by chance he searched with his flashlight for the lamp which sends the ray and found it he would be no better

off. If he tampered with it the burglar alarms would go off as before; the lamp is so touchy that mere approach to it sets off the alarm.

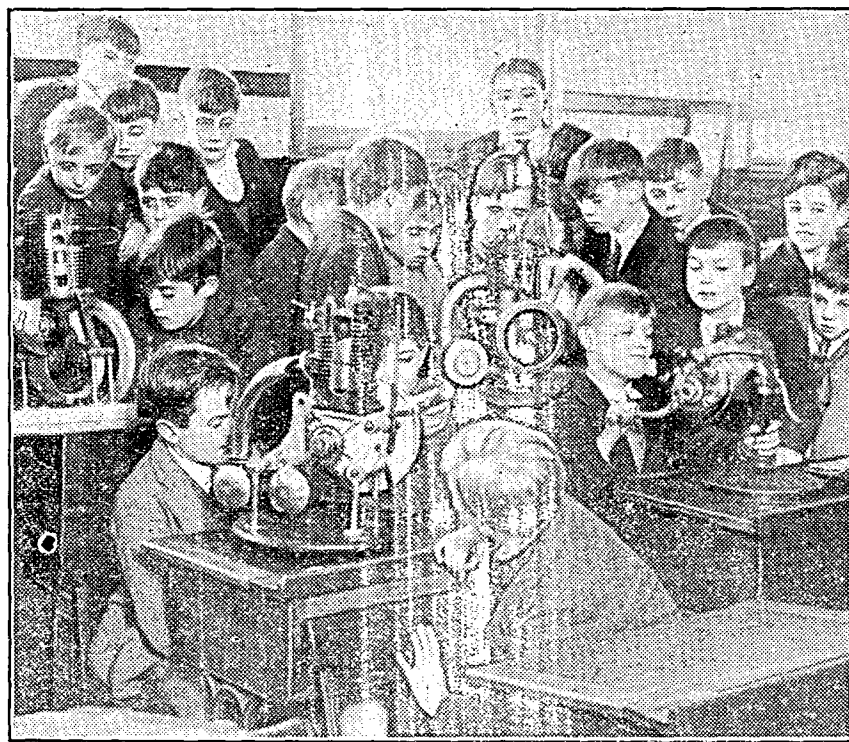
The secret of its behaviour is this. It sends out rays of light which are invisible because they are on the invisible side of the light-spectrum. (Everyone has heard of these rays, some ultra-violet, some infra-red.) These rays fall on a screen which is so sensitive to all kinds of light rays, visible as well as invisible, that when any solid body (a burglar's leg or arm, for example) interrupts them by crossing the path of the rays, the sensitive screen gives what is equivalent to a loud cry of alarm.

It cries "Stop thief!" in light language and rings the electric alarm bell.

A MOTOR-CYCLE IN SCHOOL



An object lesson on a motor-cycle



What makes the wheels go round?

Perhaps the most popular lesson with the boys of a Bermondsey school is the lesson about motor-cycles. As these pictures show, a real motor-cycle and parts of engines are used in the classroom to instruct the boys.

THE MAN WHO LIT THE HOME

WHEN Joseph Swan was born in Sunderland, just a hundred years ago, his home was lit by candles, and the best people in the town still used paraffin lamps. It was some years before gas was supplied, with fish-tail burners in the kitchen, and a chandelier with gas globes in the drawing-room.

He lived through these times, and when he was a young man began experimenting with electricity to see what it could do. He carbonised strips of paper, and saw them glow when an electric current was passed through them. That was how young Joseph Swan came to light the home.

From his carbon strips of paper he went on to make carbon wires or carbon filaments. He inserted his carbon fila-

ments into little globes, something like those in which Sir William Crookes put tiny windmill vanes which spun round when warmed by light or heat. But Swan's globes were better vacuums than the windmill ones; and when he sent his electricity through the carbon filaments glowed like white fire.

We need not describe them, though only the rather older people among us have used them. They were just like the bulb lamps of today, except that they were not quite so bright, nor did they last so long. But they served for a whole generation and longer to light the homes of Europe and America, and we should not be surprised to hear that they light some homes in distant places still.

THE WONDERFUL STEEL WIRE RUNNING IN FRONT OF THE MAGNETS

Taking Down a Telephone Call When Nobody is There

REMARKABLE INVENTION

Thirty years ago a famous Danish scientist named Poulsen, trying to solve the early difficulties of the wireless telephone, made a wonderful discovery.

It was this—that if you pass a piece of steel wire in front of a magnet whose strength is constantly changing the varying magnetic effects on the wire are permanently retained by it. The inventor actually used this wire on a telephone, for the earpiece to which we listen when talking on the telephone is nothing else than an electric magnet with a thin steel plate fixed near its poles.

Telephone messages are sent in the form of electric currents through the wires to our houses, and the electric currents which come through the wires are passed through this magnet, which causes the diaphragm to vibrate and so set the air in motion and produce sound.

A Complete Success

Now Poulsen tried taking away the diaphragm of his telephone, and passing a piece of steel wire slowly in front of the magnets, and when he later passed the steel wire back again in front of another magnet, which was coupled up with a loud speaker, the message the wire had taken down was actually reproduced.

A great deal of interest was caused in the scientific world at the time, but, like so many other brilliant discoveries, it was gradually forgotten. But for the last 23 years a German electrical expert, Dr. Curt Stille, has been trying to find a way of putting the discovery on a practical basis.

As in the case of so many inventions, it requires much greater work, and often better brains, to make an invention usable than to work out the invention itself. Dr. Stille has now made this important invention a complete success, and a demonstration was given the other day in London, when a singer sang in front of an ordinary microphone, another man whistled a tune, and someone else gave a recitation.

While all this was going on, the little steel wire was kept running in front of the magnets of the microphone, and kept locked up within itself its amazing record. When the wire was afterwards run through the reproducer the words and music were faithfully reproduced. By means of this machine it will be possible for the telephone instrument to take down a message automatically when nobody is there, and for the message to be repeated later.

Talking Films

What is likely to be a much bigger thing, however, is the application of the idea to talking films. When music is recorded photographically on a kinematograph film, it costs about £20 to make a record lasting twelve or fifteen minutes, and it is said that twelve minutes of music can be recorded on a wire at a cost of only seven shillings.

When Poulsen first made his discovery it was stated by many who heard the voice reproduced by the steel wire that it gave a wonderful purity of tone and natural effect, and perhaps Dr. Stille's talking wire will help to make speaking films more enjoyable.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

The Editor has had this month from friendly readers

A bunch of wild strawberries,

A canful of blackberries,

and there was gathered for him late in October

A cupful of raspberries.

For all of which he is truly grateful.

CHINA AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD

SO FAR AND YET
SO NEAR

The Roman Empire's Trade
With a Country It Did Not Know

A MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN OF HISTORY

The fact that a group of German officers has been invited to reorganise the Chinese Army is another reminder of the remarkable relations between China and Europe.

Lord Wolseley believed that if China would reform her army and navy she might become the most powerful of all nations. What a single master-mind can do there was proved by the almost miraculous success of General Gordon in the suppression of the terrible Taiping Rebellion.

Wolseley and Gordon

When it was over Wolseley said to Gordon, "How differently events might have turned had I been sent on that mission instead of you. I should have gone there with the determination of wiping out the rebellion and becoming Emperor of China."

"So far and yet so near" is the phrase which repeatedly comes to mind as we read of China. Not only did Marco Polo narrowly fail to get a Christian mission established in the China of Kublai Khan in the 13th century, some 2000 years ago Rome and China traded with each other, yet knew not of one another's existence. Rome, supposed mistress of the world, never learned that in the East there was an Empire almost as large as her own; China knew nothing of the proud Empire of the West.

Silk by Caravan

Nevertheless for centuries the silk of China travelled by caravan across Central Asia and down to the coast of Syria, where Persian merchants bought the wares and bore them on to Rome. Old Roman writers denounced the extravagance involved in the payment of 12 ounces of gold for a single pound of silk.

For ages the West, which was unknown to the East, sent its money to a land of which it had never heard, and the commerce reached such dimensions that it became necessary to pass laws limiting the use of silken wear to the more dignified of the Roman citizens. The traffic lasted till the sixth century of our era, when two Persian monks who had long resided in China smuggled out eggs of the silkworm moth, carried them in hollow canes across Asia to Constantinople, and there established a trade which has brought millions of pounds to Europe.

A Tragic Might-Have-Been

That is one of the greatest of the romances of travel and commercial adventure, but history notes a tragic might-have-been in connection with it. Had Rome known of China, and of her possession of the art of printing, that secret, too, might have travelled West. Had that happened the literature of today would have been very greatly richer. All the works of Livy would have been saved, and all the splendid writings of Menander, together with many other authors whose work perished in the barbarian overthrow. Classical works of priceless worth are known to have survived in manuscript down to 14 centuries ago.

Chinese methods of printing would have given all the world copies of the treasures now lost. But Chinese printing was unknown save to China. The West had her silks, but not her greater gift: the books have vanished.

THE PLANE IN THE GOLDFIELD

End of the Dog Sledge

Journeying by dog sledge from Port Nome to the Yukon goldfield was romantic, but tedious and very cold.

Now it has given way to journeying by aeroplane. One result is that pedigree sledge dogs can be bought for a song, and dried salmon, their stock food, has accumulated in unsaleable stocks.

There are more commercial aerodromes in Alaska today than in the whole of the British Isles, and Red Indians and Eskimos are more familiar with the sight of an aeroplane in the sky than are most of our farm labourers. Practically all winter traffic is conducted by air, and a dog sledge in Alaska is as rare as a hansom in London.

HIS WIFE'S SURPRISE

Everyone loves a surprise, and we think most people will love reading of the surprise that came to Mr. Newman, a railway signalman at Watlington in Norfolk.

One day his wife took him to see a double-fronted house with a large garden and said, "I have bought it."

"Have you come into a fortune?" he asked in astonishment.

"No," she said; "I have just saved every penny I received in change ever since I married. I didn't put by the silver, only the pennies."

Some people say that women cannot keep secrets, but she kept hers for 30 years, and her husband's surprise at the end was well worth waiting for.

THE BRONZE CAT

Among the new treasures at the British Museum is a Persian cat, not a furry one rubbing itself against an official leg, but a cat of bronze.

There are two remarkable things about this haughty puss: she wears gold earrings, and they were fastened in her bronze ears about 600 B.C.

A cat that wears earrings is as odd as a dog with a ridge of hair down his backbone growing the reverse way of the rest of the coat, and both these oddities have come to England together.

The dog is a Rhodesian lion dog, used for lion-hunting and tracking all sorts of game. It is about the size of a retriever, and excited much interest at the Kennel Club Show the other day.

PLOUGHING BOX HILL

The southern slope of Box Hill has a gradient of one in five, as many who visit this favourite national trust know well. Yet this steep green place was plough land in Napoleon's day, and a part of the old plough has been found near the summit.

It is of a type 200 years old, and was a wooden plough drawn by four horses with half an oak tree for the beam. The buck is of iron.

Hard work it must have been ploughing that great hill, and it is good to think that grass and flowers grow now where the horses strained and steamed at their task.

A COW BREAKS A RECORD

Mrs. Downing, who has a farm near Edenbridge in Kent, must be very proud of one of her cows.

The animal, a British Friesian named Brooklands Barbara, has made a new record by giving 132 pounds of milk in 24 hours, beating the previous record by half a pound.

The cow is milked at 6.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 9 p.m. Part of her success is doubtless due to the intelligent care given to her, and part to the fine pastures of Kent; but she is a wonderful cow all the same.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Over 10,000 motor-cars crossed the Channel last year in S.R. boats.

The six hundred thousandth telephone has been installed in London.

Two thousand pigeons living round Birmingham Cathedral are being destroyed.

A fund is being raised to save Christchurch Priory from being spoiled by new buildings.

Wigan Town Council has declared its desire to banish militarism from its school literature.

There are now five thousand regular observers taking measurements of the rainfall in Great Britain.

What Roads are Made Of
The Ministry of Transport is experimenting with 127 kinds of materials for making roads.

Noisy Motor-Cycles
Over 13,000 summonses for noisy motor-cycles have been issued in the past 12 months.

Books for Dr. Johnson's House
A Johnson Library is to be formed and housed at Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, off Fleet Street.

The View From Richmond Hill
Twickenham Council is to buy a piece of riverside land for £10,000 to save the view from Richmond Hill.

Three Million Visitors
Nearly three million people have visited Hampton Court Palace in the past year. One in every ten visited the old vine.

On the Waiting List
Though the L.C.C. has built over 32,000 houses and tenements since the war it has 20,000 more names on its waiting list.

Motor-Coach De Luxe
Running between Cardiff and London are three Pullman motor-coaches. They have a cloakroom, central heating, arm-chairs, and a library.

More Fish From the Sea
In the north-eastern fisheries fish worth £1,650,000 were caught last quarter, an increase of £121,000 compared with last year.

The Little Barn Church
A little barn dating from the reign of King John has been turned into a church at North Sheen. Most of the oak is a thousand years old.

The Automatic Road Sign
We now hear that the automatic traffic signals to which we referred last week have been used in Leeds for some months, and seem quite successful.

A BIG CHANCE FOR THE RAILWAYS?

Something New for the Engine

It has been supposed for some time now that we have reached the limit in the drawing power of our steam railway locomotives because we have reached the outside limit of their size on the present tracks.

But Mr. J. T. Marshall, of the famous firm of engineers at Gainsborough, has invented a new cylinder gear which will indefinitely increase the power of each piston stroke while reducing the size of the cylinders by a fourth.

Boy engineers will understand something of the underlying principle when we say that in the new cylinder the inlet for the steam is also the outlet for the exhaust. In this way both the present waste of steam by condensation and the back pressure on the advancing piston are avoided or greatly diminished.

Mr. Marshall claims for his invention that, though it will cost only £1000 to alter an existing locomotive to his plans, something like £1500 will be saved in running costs on each engine every year. If this is true there is a revolution in front of the railways and hope for their shareholders.

TREASURE OF THE POOR

Wealth Lying About All Unknown

AN ANTIQUE DEALER TELLS A STORY

The other day a dealer in antiques was told a tragic tale.

Some people who had been wealthy were now in such straits that unless they could find £100 in a day or two they would be turned out of their home, and they were unable to raise the money.

"I suppose there would be nothing but rubbish in such a poverty-stricken place," thought the dealer, "and it is a very long way to go." But he had not the heart to refuse, and off he went, dreading to have to say to the poor people "I could give you £2 for this and that, but I am afraid there is nothing else I could take."

The garden was overgrown with weeds, the woodwork was paintless, and the dealer's heart sank. But directly he got inside he drew out his cheque-book and said, "Here is £100. We can discuss the balance afterwards." For his first glance had shown him that the place was packed with treasure. These people who were desperately poor were living among riches and did not know it.

How often we hear of such blunders. After the death of a great lady this summer there was a sale, and the auctioneers who undertook it were told that there was nothing of value in the attics; yet they found there nearly 140 drawings by Thomas Rowlandson, the great English caricaturist.

Not long ago Mr. Harold Craxton found in a second-hand bookshop in Charing Cross Road a volume containing six concertos by Dr. Thomas Arne. It is very rare, for it is the original edition printed 150 years ago. This treasure lay waiting for someone to purchase at a few shillings.

AUSTRALIA'S OWN RACE

A Hopeful View

After reading in the 500th number of the C.N. the article on the Australian aborigines a lady who has been visiting the Anglican Industrial Mission to the natives at Yarrabah in North Queensland sends us some notes which sound a more hopeful tone than most comments on these primitive people.

She found that at the Mission Settlement several of the aborigines had obtained certificates as engineers. A waterfall there works an electric light plant and sawmill.

She heard the first aboriginal who was ordained a deacon in the Church of England conduct a service, and he is now doing pioneer religious work in the north of Western Australia. The music of a native service, she says, "leaves something to be desired," but the children sing very well in school.

Our correspondent fully believes that many useful arts and crafts may be taught to the native population as additions to their own in the several aboriginal reserves, and her inferences from what she has seen have not the hopelessness that is the customary undertone of talk about the Australian native race.

A PEDESTRIAN'S SELF-DEFENCE

Walking in country lanes at dusk is a dangerous business where there are no pavements and a short-sighted motorist may not see one till it is too late; so a friend of the C.N. never goes to post or walks to the music club meeting without his brassard.

He has fastened a red reflector, meant for the rear-wheel of a cycle, to a band which he can slip over his sleeve. Overtaking cars pick up the red glow, and he does not have to jump into ditches any more.

THE DOG AND THE FOX

How Gyp Was Caught in the Mountains

A GALLANT RESCUE

In a mountainside at Clydach Vale, Rhondda Valley, there lived a fox, and it seems as if the mountain loved its son.

The other day a pack of hounds hunted him, and he managed to reach his lair, where no foxhound could follow him. But the huntsmen sent a small terrier down the hole and the fox was driven out to his death. Yet he was not unavenged, for directly he had left his lair there was a fall of earth and rock, making the terrier who had driven him out a prisoner.

From Monday till Wednesday night the huntsmen strove to rescue Gyp, who could be heard yelping and whining. But the more they dug the more earth and rock came sliding down, so that their work was undone and they were in peril themselves.

"A life for a life," the mountain seemed to say.

After Five Days

So the huntsmen went home. But when Gyp was deserted by her friends strangers came to her rescue. Mr. Ezra Morgan, manager of Blaenclydach Colliery, and two workmen declared they could not bear to think of a dog starving to death, and off they went with picks and dynamite.

They drove ten feet into the mountainside, and brought pit props and stays to hold up the treacherous roof. At last, five days after her disappearance, Gyp was seen once more, lying on a ledge in a dying condition.

Mr. Morgan crawled to her rescue, and risked his life as he went, but the mountain must have relented, for dog and man came out safely.

Gyp was carried to the colliery office, and wrapped in hot blankets, and given liquid food at short intervals. She has now made a complete recovery.

Let us hope she will never burgle other people's houses again.

THE NEW CHINA

Its Demand on the Nations

For once the expected has happened in the troubled land of China.

Now that she is ruled by a single Government from Nanking, under the Presidency of the redoubtable general and statesman Chiang Kai-shek China has made a formal demand for the ending of the special privileges enjoyed by foreigners within her borders.

What those privileges are was explained in the C.N. the other day. The subjects of many European Governments and of Japan are in many respects not under Chinese law at all when they visit or live in China, but under the law of their own country, administered by their own countrymen.

The new Chinese Government declares that the time has come for these special privileges, called the Capitulations, to be abolished, and it has sent Notes to each of the Powers concerned to say so.

The old Government at Peking made a similar demand, and a conference was held there about it two years ago. The Powers decided then that they would be justified in abolishing the Capitulations so soon as their people "enjoyed freedom of residence and trade and civil rights in all parts of China in accordance with the general practice among the nations."

The Powers have now to decide whether, at last, that time has come.

AN EXILE THINKS OF HOME

27 Years From His Motherland

THE FINEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

One of the beliefs on which the C.N. is founded is that British ideals and influence are of inestimable value to the whole world.

We hold that they are sound, honourable, and considerate. The people who "run down" their own country have no true conception of her place in the world. She means to act helpfully and honestly to all; in no country is life more desirable than in the British Isles.

An echo of this view comes to us from a Sussex reader, who encloses an extract from the letter of a relative living in Australia. He left England 27 years ago in search of a better land, and he has lived in various parts of the world, finally in Australia, only returning the war years to fight. "I send the extract to you (says our correspondent) because I feel that the C.N. constantly keeps before its readers the ideals and sentiments expressed in the letter." This is the extract:

"The papers I receive make me homesick. I thought I had got over the complaint, but I don't suppose it will ever be possible. I would like to spend my last days in England, or, failing that, a year or two wandering over the face of the land. There is no doubt that England is the finest country in the world. Her exiles look to her to solve the world's most pressing problems by the help of her traditions, and by her inheritance of men and women of understanding and of honour."

There speaks a pride and hope which the C.N. feels are beyond reproach.

AN IDEA FOR A DUMB FRIEND

Safety First in the Stable

One of the tragedies caused by fires which reach the stables where horses are tied by halters in their stalls is that frequently the horses perish because no one can reach the halters to untie them.

Not only is there danger from the fire, but the horses are in a state of panic and are dangerous through fright.

To do away with these dangers and give trapped horses a chance of escape, Mr. C. R. Johns, the secretary of the Canine Defence League, suggests that if a wire rope ran from outside along the ledge of the manger in a stable, and each horse's halter were fastened to a ring on this rope, the wire rope could be withdrawn from the outside, and all the horses would be freed, as the wire rope would pass out of the rings and leave each ring on the end of a free halter rope.

It is a clever and simple plan that might save the lives of many fine horses.

BEE TIME

How Did They Know?

A German professor has found in the bee as a timekeeper a substitute for the cuckoo-clocks which used to come from Switzerland till the watches of Geneva and the Waterbury made them out-of-date.

According to the professor his bees were never late for a free meal. If honey-water were placed near their hive for 8 o'clock breakfast they arrived to the moment. If the hour were changed to nine, they were on to it the next day.

Several variations in the hour were tried but the bees were punctuality itself. The only thing that puzzled them was the withdrawal of the dole. Then the bees seemed not to know when to swarm at the feeding-place. But it is suspected that they held an indignation meeting elsewhere.

THE BOY PLAYERS

Queen Elizabeth's Favourites

Over three hundred years ago, in a building close by the C.N. office, the Boy Players used to give performances which were visited regularly by Queen Elizabeth. It is said that she preferred them to all other players.

The children who gave these plays first appeared in the theatre which Richard Farrant, "Master of the Children," built in the grounds of the Black Friars monastery just inside the City boundaries.

This theatre, the first in England to have a roof, was built in 1576. Later the young actors performed in a small theatre of their own near St. Paul's, and later, until 1608, in the second Blackfriars Theatre on the site of the first.

Among the many well-known dramatists who wrote plays for the Boy Players were Marlowe and Ben Jonson. Gradually, however, the fashion in entertainments changed, and the audiences which had filled the Blackfriars Theatre flocked to the Globe Theatre in Southwark, where Shakespeare's plays were being performed by men players, including the great man himself.

But once more the Boy Players have found favour, and are to be presented again to London by Mr. Arthur Poyser, who is Master of the Lord Mayor's Players and Singers.

LIGHTING-UP TIME FOR ELEPHANTS

A Road Troub'e in Kandy

While the motorists in this country complain of the danger of cyclists and pedestrians on our highways, and while the pedestrians complain of the motorists, neither side has yet had to make the suggestion which has been put before the Municipal Council at Kandy, Ceylon.

This is in regard to the danger of elephants on the highways after dark, and it is proposed that such beasts should be compelled to carry front and rear lights!

Of course this does not refer to the wild elephant, but to the useful beasts of burden in the charge of a mahout. Perhaps the suggestion will be followed by a proposal that elephants should be taught to hoot through their trunks when approaching a corner, but their dignified pace is hardly likely to make it necessary to impose the rule for hooting when passing another object on the road!

THE INSPIRATION

How a Great Discovery Came

The young Canadian doctor, Professor F. G. Banting, who has given to the world the medicine of insulin for the treatment of that disease of diabetes which afflicts young and old, has been telling how success came to him.

It was almost in a dream. He had been reading about it, and was so enthralled that he could not sleep. Round and round in his half-waking brain went the thoughts of what had been done, and what might be done, till suddenly the idea came to him of what could be done.

In the "dark waste and middle of the night" the right idea took shape and form. The next day he began his experiments.

Did not a great writer of our time confess that all great inspirations came from without?

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

NEXT WEEK'S SPECTACLE

The Earth's Shadow Creeps Across the Face of the Moon

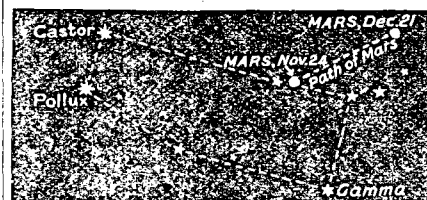
THE NEAREST WORLD

By the C.N. Astronomer

An eclipse of the Moon will occur on Tuesday morning, November 27, the Earth's dark shadow beginning to creep over the lunar surface at 24 minutes past seven o'clock. But only very little of it can be seen from England owing to the fact that the Moon sets about 13 minutes after the eclipse begins.

Moreover, the presence of the bright dawn, just before sunrise, will mar the phenomenon as a spectacle. This eclipse will, however, possess a rare interest for us because it will visualise so clearly the fact that the Earth is the cause of the Moon's being eclipsed.

Just after the Moon sets in the north-west at 37 minutes past seven o'clock



Path of Mars among the stars of Gemini during the next month

the Sun will rise in the south-east; thus it may be seen that the Earth is in between the two and her shadow consequently falls upon the Moon, although she is 220,000 miles away.

Farther west, where more of the eclipse will be seen, the spectacle will be presented of the partly-eclipsed Moon setting as the Sun rises.

For about an hour before the Earth's dark shadow, or umbra, begins to encroach upon the Moon a faint duski-ness may be perceived spreading over the Moon's surface from the left side. This is the penumbra, or partial shadow, which covers that portion of the lunar surface on which only part of the Sun is shining. It varies in intensity according to the amount of the Sun's disc that is hidden by the Earth; this is, of course, as seen from the Moon.

This penumbral shadow begins at about 25 minutes past six o'clock, but is not obvious for some few minutes; it is darkest in those lunar regions adjoining the umbra, or total eclipse, area, that is on the upper left-hand side of the Moon, where the eclipse begins.

On Saturday evening, November 24, Jupiter may be seen a little way to the left of the Moon, while by Thursday evening, November 29, the rosy Mars will be to the right of the Moon, between twelve and fifteen times her own diameter away.

Mars at His Brightest

This planet is now much nearer to our world and about 60 million miles away; Mars is, therefore, the nearest world to us at the present time, except, of course, the Moon. In from two to three weeks' time he will be at his brightest, but will not, this year, attain to the brilliance of either Jupiter or the star Sirius, which is low in the south-east after about ten o'clock.

Actually the Earth is overtaking Mars in their everlasting race round the Sun, our world speeding along at nearly 19 miles a second at the present time, while Mars is doing but 15 miles a second. They will draw level with the Sun on December 21, after which the Earth will begin to leave Mars behind.

Surrounded as Mars is by numbers of brilliant stars in the south-east sky, our star map, showing his position relative to Castor and Pollux and other stars of Gemini, will ensure identification. Mars is now retrograding and travelling westward.

G. F. M.

HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of
the Junior Cup

Told by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 17 A Rise in the World

IN his football blazer and shorts, with a long woollen scarf of his house colours wound round his neck and tucked across his chest underneath his sweater, where it dangled well below his enormous knees, Winged Ann knew how to keep himself warm while he kept his vigil at Gibbet's Farm.

As he had warned St. Pierre, told off to assist him, it was a pretty cold business waiting to see them roll in, them being the competitors in the run, and the waiting being imposed by his office as judge, St. Pierre, who had been too absent-minded to change, kept grumbling that they had taken post far too soon, and tripped off to the bend in the road to look out. From where presently he called back:

"I fancy I spot someone!"

Anning laughed.

"And so can I," he retorted, indicating the mob of spectators streaming up across the meadows. Then he glanced at his watch. "But we shan't have any of the runners coming along yet."

"Too early, you think?"

"A bit too early," said Anning. "Then come along up here. There! What do you make of it?"

They were both at the bend now, and St. Pierre was pointing down the road. "That looks like someone coming along by himself."

"You're right!" exclaimed Anning excitedly.

Very slowly the speck in the distance was drawing nearer, very slowly, scarcely seeming to move.

"Whoever he is," cried St. Pierre, "he's making bad weather of it."

"I doubt if he'll last. He's swaying so! Come on! Back we get!"

They returned round the bend in order to form the imaginary line across the road which represented the winning-post, one stationed on the right, and the other on the left, and they were scarcely there when excited shouts from the meadows proclaimed that the figure had been glimpsed as well by the crowd.

"It's Randall!"

"It isn't!"

"It's Keegan!"

"It's too small for Keegan!"

"And where are the others behind him?"

"Great Scott! He's alone!"

Thus the noisy crowd, unable as yet to distinguish the unfamiliar figure staggering onward. But they saw it toss its chin back and try to spurt, and saw it reel with the effort and almost trip, and they raised a ringing roar of applause.

So did Winged Ann, who was waiting with his watch in his hand, but the dignity of whose office was thrown to the winds as the gallant winner came with a rush round the bend and, battling forward, passed between the two judges to fling himself on the turf at the side of the road. He had got there! He had lasted! Distress was nothing. Full stretch on the turf he lay sobbing, with the quick, harsh sobs of his spent body racked for its breath.

And the judges' breath? That was almost taken away, too, by stupefaction when they recognised him. This sedate little new kid; oh, yes, they had heard he could run—but nobody would have dreamed he could run so superbly.

In a minute or two, when young Hendry had somewhat recovered, and before the spectators, who were swarming the road now, surrounded him, Anning bent down and asked him the usual question which the judge has always to ask as a matter of form.

"You have done the whole course?" is the formula.

Hendry panted his "Yes" to it. Solemnly Winged Ann wrote his name on the card—and one more of Eastborough's Junior Runs had entered the annals.

But the second and third places were still to be claimed, and what ages it seemed, although actually but a few moments now, before four figures in a bunch were seen on the road, the leader presently distinguishable as Randall. These four were clearly making an immense fight for it. There was Keegan, his laboured action heavier than ever. But who were the other two? There was no Paul nor Planchu. Nor Elliott. These had run themselves out and were done with. One of the four in the van was a person from Frobisher, and the other came unexpectedly from the Red House.

He challenged the leader, holding him for a yard or two before he shot his bolt and dropped behind Keegan, who took up the running, jaws distended, mane tossing. But Puggie Randall, unfurled and timing his effort, being well aware that he had the most in reserve, now summoned that reserve and went sailing away, with an ease that almost seemed to be leaving them standing. His nose had long since stopped twitching; he had no more to bother about; he had only to sprint now, to sprint and race round the bend. Which he did to the spectators' shouts of "Well run, sir!" and also, alas! to one piercing shriek of: "Bad luck, Puggie!"

He caught that shriek as he passed the post, and it startled him.

Anning, as he checked the time, said: "You're second."

And an instant later: "Keegan third. Well run, Keegan!"

Keegan and Puggie were staring one at the other, and then the crowd came flocking round them and told them. They seemed stupefied as they took their wraps from their friends. And the other runners, arriving one after one, were equally astounded when they heard the news.

"What a show!" exclaimed Puggie. "I thought I'd done decently. But that new kid has fairly wiped the floor with us." He sighed. "A fat lot it says for our training. That's all I can say."

But it wasn't all. For when they were back and had wallowed in their hot baths, he leaned across the tea-table to young Hendry and demanded: "Why didn't you tell anyone you could run so!"

In his grave tones young Hendry murmured, "I had all the luck."

"That," Pinion mimicked, in Mr. Poland's best manner, "is no answer to the question." And, lowering his voice so as not to be heard by the senior table, whence Major kept shooting inquisitive glances their way, he said to the others:

"Hendry kept pretty dark, but Major didn't; at least, he didn't this morning. I heard that he'd been telling one or two chaps that his cousin might quite easily spring a surprise." Puggie turned to young Hendry again. "He had faith in you, anyhow."

Young Hendry regarded them all. "My cousin," he said, "has been simply wonderful all through." After which public acknowledgment he went on with his tea; his face as unstirred as before, his manner as calm, though inwardly he felt overwhelmingly happy.

His victory had brought him a rise in the world.

But he was longing for the chance to thank Major properly.

This chance arrived soon after tea, when he found Major waiting for him and was led to a quiet corner to tell all about it. Major wanted to hear how Hendry felt on the run; and what the chaps had said to him since; and how Randall was taking it. But every time Hendry tried to come out with his thanks the

pleasant voice at once and peremptorily squashed him.

"That's all tosh. I did nothing. Where's the old pot?"

"They are going to give it to me after breakfast on Saturday."

"Good! Then you bring it along to me and I'll keep my promise."

"To have it engraved?" Young Hendry's eyes were kindling.

"Yes; that's my part of the contract."

"But it may cost you a lot!"

Major clapped him on the back. "That's all right!" he cried cordially. "You bring it along!"

"All right," young Hendry agreed, with a shot at more thanks, for, naturally, his cousin's offer delighted him; and he resolved now to tell his people nothing about it until he could tell them as well that his cup was engraved.

"I say," he exclaimed. "It won't take long to engrave?"

"Oh, no. Though I may have to send it away to be done."

"Yes, I see," said young Hendry, with suppressed impatience for Saturday, when, as soon as his trophy had gone the round of the day-room he took it directly after dinner to his cousin, who wrapped it in any amount of paper and string before restoring it to the case in which it had come.

"Right!" Major cried as he finished.

"Good!" echoed young Hendry.

Away he darted, being very busy indeed. To begin with, he had to change at once into footer things for a game with the Odds and Ends before the school match. Then he had to watch the Fifteen play the Rosslyn Park side, and, on Puggie's instructions, shout himself blue in the face. Thereafter he had to adjourn to grubber with the partners, both of whom had a good deal of leeway to make up. And after that there was lock-up when dusk came, and tea, and all sorts of other things to be done before Prep. Yes, young Hendry was very busy this afternoon.

CHAPTER 18

Keeping a Promise

So, as it happened, was Mr. Frute. And therefore it was not until three o'clock, when a youth who had been hanging round his premises, waiting for a chance of getting the shop to himself, slipped in. In a pleasant voice he announced: "Here I am, Frute!"

The little man emitted his cheerful chirrup. "Ha! I knew," he said, "you'd keep the promise."

"Well, naturally. I never go back on my word." So saying, the youth who was carrying a parcel secured with any amount of paper and string, raised his eyebrows interrogatively toward the back room.

Mr. Frute nodded, and raised his voice to call "Alf!" Whereupon

from some nether regions a clattering responded, which heralded the appearance of his assistant, breathing heavily and wiping his brow with his buff apron.

"Alf," said Mr. Frute fiercely, "you mind the shop. And take care they don't cheat you," he added, as he led the way to the little room at the back.

Alf grinned, and winked at the impatient visitor, who, as soon as they were alone, undid his parcel and set before Mr. Frute a large silver cup. "There," he uttered cautiously. "There's my security. You can cling on to that till I pay you, as we agreed."

Mr. Frute stared at the trophy. "It's splendid!" he uttered, then professionally submitted it to his inspection. "Aye, solid silver!" he muttered, turning it round and round to discover whether it bore an inscription. "No, nothing cut on it! That's good," he said under his breath. "Inscriptions detract from the value when one comes to sell, sir."

"But easy on! You're not going to part with it, Frute!"

"Oh, no, sir. I'll just take care of it till you pay me."

"And you won't tell a soul?"

"No; that I certainly won't, sir. A bargain's a bargain."

"Good! I am trusting you, Frute. Not a soul is to know that I left this with you or that it is mine."

"You can take my word, sir."

"Of course I can."

"And you won't be long in paying me?"

"I'll pay you the very first moment I can."

"Then for the present," said the little man, rising, "this will do." He glanced toward his lemonade bottles. Then at the cup again.

"But, sir," he said, timidly somewhat, "you'll excuse me for inquiring, but this looks brand-new. Is it a trophy that you have just won yourself, sir?"

"Right!" laughed the other.

"May I ask when you won it?"

"I won it this week, Frute. On Wednesday. You remember I put my suggestion up to you last Saturday? Well, that was why. Because I reckoned on winning this week."

"I remember you wouldn't tell me what you would leave with me."

"No. Because that seemed unlucky, like counting one's chickens. But you remember I promised you that I'd leave something valuable."

"Indeed I do. And this is quite valuable enough, sir." The little man appeared nervous. "But," he said pensively, "wasn't Wednesday the day of your Junior Run?"

"It was, old thing. And this is the cup for the run."

Then Mr. Frute looked more uncomfortable still. "Well, sir," he faltered, "I know that you will excuse me, but aren't you a bit too old for your Junior Run? It's for boys up to sixteen, I think. I'd have judged you too old, sir."

"They've put the age limit up a year," smiled the youth.

Relief changed Mr. Frute's face. "I see, sir," he chirped.

"Frute," cried his visitor impressively, "you know my name, don't you?"

"To be sure, sir. It is Hendrie."

"Right!" The visitor whipped a newspaper out of his pocket.

"Then read this!" he bade.

Mr. Frute found his spectacles, polished them, put them on his nose and bent over the paper. It was the issue just published that midday of the town's weekly journal, and the brief paragraph which he now devoured read thus:

Eastborough's Junior Run took place on Saturday over the usual course from Peewit's Hill to Gibbet's Farm. It was won by Hendry, who was followed home by Randall and Keegan.

"There!" demanded the youth.

"Are you satisfied now, Frute?"

"Why of course, sir!" answered the little man apologetically.

How was he, who had never seen his visitor's name spelled, to detect the distinction between an ie and y?

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Man Who Failed

EVERYBODY should know something about Revolutions. A revolution is a great overturning change in a country, made violently. There has never been a revolution in England. The British are able to change their ways quietly. The great countries that have had real revolutions are France and Russia, and in those two instances the revolutions were accompanied by fearful bloodshed.

Nearly all the leading men who took part in the French Revolution perished. They were killed by order of other revolutionists who did not quite agree with them. As soon as men take to violence, instead of reasoning with each other, nobody can tell who will be hurt. Nearly 140 years have gone since the French Revolution began, and we can now see which men were statesmen and which were hot-headed brawlers. We can see who worked to serve their country, and who sought to serve themselves.

One leader who was executed by the people with whom he had worked was only 34 years old when his head was cut off, and everyone who has studied his life feels sure he would have been a great man for France had he lived. He perhaps more than anyone else roused the people to rebellion and revolution; but when they were roused, and able to get what they could rightly claim, he lost control over them. They went on seeking to do more violence and shed more blood; and when he tried to show them that that was not what they were rebelling for, but that they must now have order and safety and gather up the advantages gained by the Revolution, they said he had become a "Moderate" and was a traitor to their cause. Hastily they condemned him to the guillotine, and carried out the sentence.

He had begun life as a lawyer. When the Revolution broke out he became its most impassioned public orator. He could sway the mob as he liked. He was a fine figure, handsome, and with a great voice. Other nations sought to crush the Revolution, and he roused France to self-defence. His cry was Go on; always on. Be bold; be bolder; always be bold. But the time came when France needed to steady herself and establish a firm, wise Government. Then he tried in vain to stem the flood he had caused, and in bitter despair he said "Better be a poor fisherman than meddle with the government of men."

Defying his enemies who slew him, he declared "I shall live in the Pantheon of History." So he will live as one who was wise too late. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





Be Glad and Your Friends Are Many



THE BRAN TUB

A Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in weather but not in rain,
My second's in money but not in gain,
My third is in open but not in shut,
My fourth is in water but not in butt,
My fifth is in powder but not in gun,
My sixth is in merry but not in fun,
My seventh's in railway but not in car,
My eighth is in distant but not in far,
My ninth is in paper but not in ink,
My tenth is in founder but not in sink,
My whole is a very useful machine,
In most offices I can now be seen.

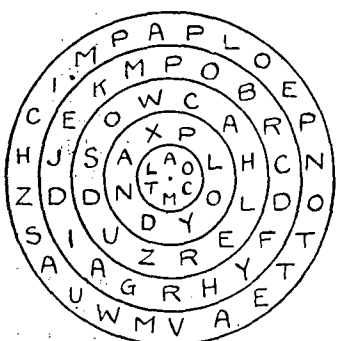
Answer next week

Emergency Weights and Measures

THE following table will be found useful for household purposes when suitable weights and rules are not at hand. The weights given are those of coins fairly worn. Allowance must be made if those used be new or much worn:

1 oz.	Halfpenny and threepennypiece
1 oz.	One pennypiece
1 oz.	Florin and sixpence
1 oz.	Three pennies
2 oz.	Four half-crowns & one shilling
4 oz.	Four florins, four half-crowns, and two and a halfpence
1 inch	Diameter of halfpenny
1 1/2 inch	Florin
1 1/2 inch	Half-a-crown

Circular Tours



IN each of the circles strike out alternate letters so that the letters that are left make the name of an animal in each case. You may go round either way. The difficulty lies in knowing at which letter to start.

Answer next week

How Holland Material Got Its Name

THE unbleached linen cloth known as holland is used for aprons, blinds, and other purposes. It is made in various colours, and there are two varieties, glazed and unglazed. Holland is now made in various places, especially Scotland, but it was in the first place imported from Holland, and was therefore named after that country.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE song thrush has begun its song again. Rooks are seen visiting their nesting trees. The oak and the elm are now stripped of their leaves. The furze and the hepatica are found in blossom.

Changeling

S	H	I	P
P	O	R	T

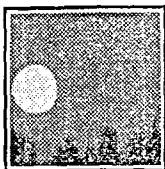


Change the word Ship into Port with four intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-West, Jupiter is in the South, Mars South-East, and Uranus South-West by South. In the morning Mercury is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on November 28.



A Curious Experiment

AN interesting experiment can be carried out with a drinking glass, a long pencil, and a piece of strong cotton two feet long.

Tie a slip knot in each end of the piece of cotton and pass one of the loops round the upper part of the glass and tighten the other over a small notch which has been cut at the end of the pencil. The pencil is now held horizontally so that the glass is suspended in the air. At the will of the operator the glass can be made to give out clear ringing sounds. Any onlooker is puzzled, for he cannot see that the glass is moved in any way.

The secret lies in giving the least possible turn to the pencil. The squeak of the thread in the groove of the pencil would not be heard in the ordinary way. The thinner the glass the louder and clearer the sound.

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. Valuation. Superficial contents. To rend. To deserve.

Answer next week

Do You Know?

How the League of Nations saved Europe from typhus?

How pressure in the upper air is recorded?

Who is the most famous Roman?

Who was the London errand-boy who grew up to be the Father of Electricity?

The answers to these questions will be found in the Christmas number of My Magazine, which is now on sale everywhere.

Ici On Parle Français



La crêcelle Le pingouin La bêche

La crêcelle grince abominablement. Les pingouins ne font toujours rire. La bêche sert à creuser la terre.

A Cycling Tour

A BOY who had just bought a bicycle went for a week-end tour, and when he returned a friend asked him how far he had travelled.

"Well," he replied, "the number of miles I travelled on Saturday was the number I travelled on Sunday with the figures reversed, and the difference between the two numbers is one-eleventh of their total."

How many miles did the boy travel in the two days?

Answer next week

Is Your Name Whitlock?

THIS name is really Whitlock, and is a description of some ancestor of the Whitlocks of today who was noted for his white hair, which had probably lost its colour prematurely through illness, shock, or trouble.

A Wireless Warning

NEVER try to use a wireless set if atmospheric conditions are very strong. To do so is folly, for one cannot enjoy a transmission that is accompanied by loud cracklings. There is, too, the risk of shock if high-resistance phones are being used. When you are wearing them your head is earthed through your body, and should some fairly big discharge take place your ears may tingle for some minutes afterwards.

Jacko in the Park

ONE bright, windy morning Jacko went off for a stroll in the park. He felt certain that a lot of hats would be blowing about, and hoped to earn an honest penny or two by restoring some of them to their owners.

But he was not very successful at first, and when at last he found a hat and ran up to a lady with it she gave him a most indignant look.

"That my hat!" she exclaimed. "I have never been so insulted in my life!"

Jacko looked at the hat more closely, and found that in his hurry he had picked up an old bird's nest which had fallen out of one of the trees! He did feel silly.

But he badly wanted some money to spend on toffee, and it was not long before he was trying another way of earning an honest penny.

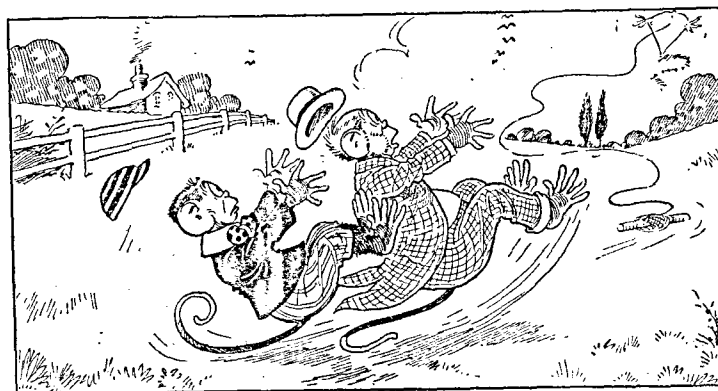
This time he gave what he thought was some very useful advice. A dog-fight was going on, and Jacko rushed up to one of the owners and told her that the only way to separate the dogs was to sprinkle some pepper over them.

"Oh, is it?" said the lady. "Have you got any?"

Jacko hadn't. Again he slunk off, feeling distinctly depressed.

"This won't do!" he said. "Now then, third time lucky!"

It really did look like it. The third person in difficulties was an old gentleman who, strange to say, was flying a kite.



"Heave!" he cried. And Jacko heaved!

Of course it wasn't an ordinary child's kite, but a most scientific affair which the old gentleman had made himself.

As a matter of fact, it was rather too scientific, and the old gentleman found it very difficult to manage. There was a high wind blowing, and the kite pulled him here, there, and everywhere—sometimes it pulled him right off the ground.

"Here, boy!" he cried on seeing Jacko. "Come and hang on. It will be better with two of us!"

"This will mean sixpence at least!" said Jacko to himself. He rushed up to the old gentleman and held on tight.

"Heave!" cried the old gentleman. And Jacko heaved.

Unfortunately he tugged so hard that he pulled the old gentleman over backwards. Away sailed the kite over the trees, while Jacko and the old gentleman sprawled on the grass.

There was worse to come. The ground sloped very steeply, and, before Jacko could stop him, the old gentleman had rolled down into a shallow lake in which boys were sailing boats.

"Help!" cried the old gentleman.

Jacko lost no time in coming to the rescue. It would surely mean another sixpence. But he was soon disillusioned.

"You have lost my kite and nearly drowned me!" roared the angry man. "Take that—and that!"

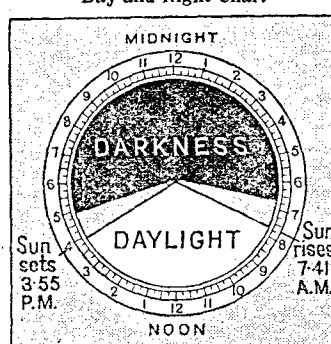
Needless to say, he wasn't handing out sixpences!

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns. The four weeks up to October 6, 1928, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1928	1927
London	5476..5677..3765..3793	
Glasgow	1740..1814..1112..1129	
Liverpool	1501..1461..781..748	
Birmingham	1273..1338..760..678	
Dublin	816..782..436..421	
Belfast	702..717..455..396	
Edinburgh	552..571..415..432	
Newcastle	482..461..279..246	
Cardiff	303..317..205..170	
N'rth'mpt'n	86..112..48..75	
Exeter	77..69..57..50	
Eastbourne	75..56..50..38	

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

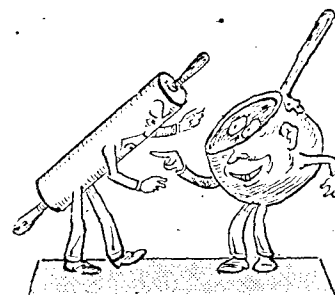
Dr. MERRYMAN

The Praise He Needed

"I HEAR you are doing very well at business," said Godfrey's uncle. "They tell me the manager of your department praises you up to the skies."

"Is that so?" replied Godfrey. "Then I wish he'd praise me to the chief."

A Kitchen Quarrel



THE Saucepan cheeked the Rolling-pin. Who answered him, "Of course You've got to learn that I won't stand Such saucy saucepan sauce!"

The Sorry Uns

THE way in which the mind feels its way from what it knows of words and things to farther knowledge is illustrated in a father's story of a talk with young John, his six-year-old son.

He was telling how, in far-off times, strange animals called saurians, of many sizes and shapes, often very big and very ugly, lived on the Earth and now are nearly all dead.

"Sorry 'uns, Sorry 'uns," piped little John. "Why sorry? Is it because they haven't got their lives any more?"

A New Excuse

"WHY are you late for breakfast?" demanded Father as Johnny stole into the room.

"Well, Dad," replied Johnny. "when you called me I was having a very funny dream and I just slept a few minutes longer to finish it."

Truth in Business

A PROSPECTIVE purchaser was examining some garments described as "all wool."

"Why do you call these all wool?" he asked.

"Because nobody would buy them if I said they were all cotton," said the salesman.

The Lowbrow

A PARTY was being conducted round a museum when the guide stopped before an ancient Greek statue that was somewhat broken. "Here is the famous statue of Victory," he said.

One of the party, whose mind was certainly not in tune with matters artistic, was heard to say, "Well, if that's the Victory, I'd like to see what the poor Vanquished looks like."

Family Affection

THE Anteater scratched at a mound for the insects who worked underground.

"What are cousins?" cried he.

"They mean nothing to me, But my love for my Ants is profound!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

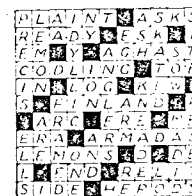
Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle:

A Word Square
HOLE
OPEN
LEAD
ENDS

What Am I? Heat.

A Hidden Bird

FLag, cAMera, pIN, GONG—flamingo.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 24, 1928

Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

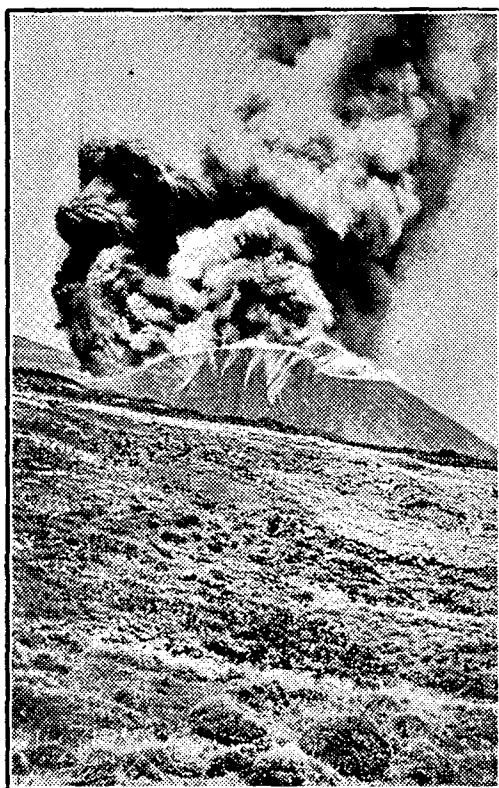
ETNA IN ERUPTION • MOVING A CHURCH • A CONGO SCHOOL



Preparing for Christmas—Christmas will soon be here once again, and these merry boys of the training-ship Stork, sitting on the rail of their vessel at Hammersmith, are making sure of the efficiency of the musical side of their festivities by rehearsing their carols now.



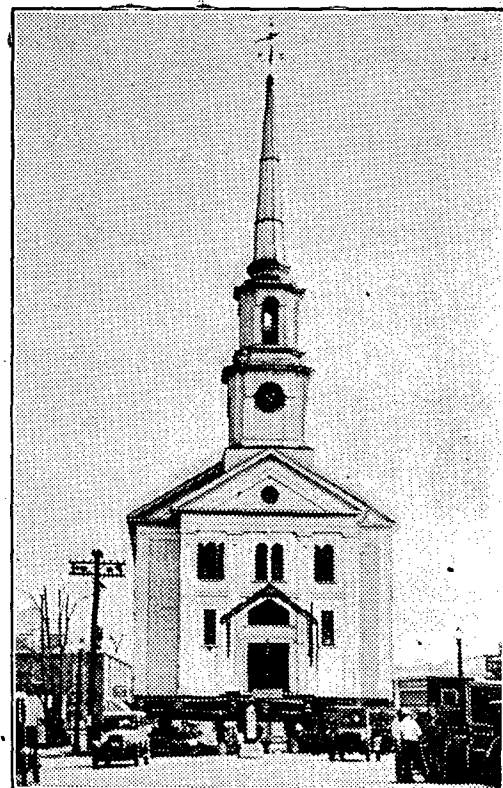
Pharmacy for Women—An occupation which has recently become very popular with women is pharmacy. Here we see London students at work in a laboratory at the Pharmacy School for Women, where they are learning to become chemists and druggists.



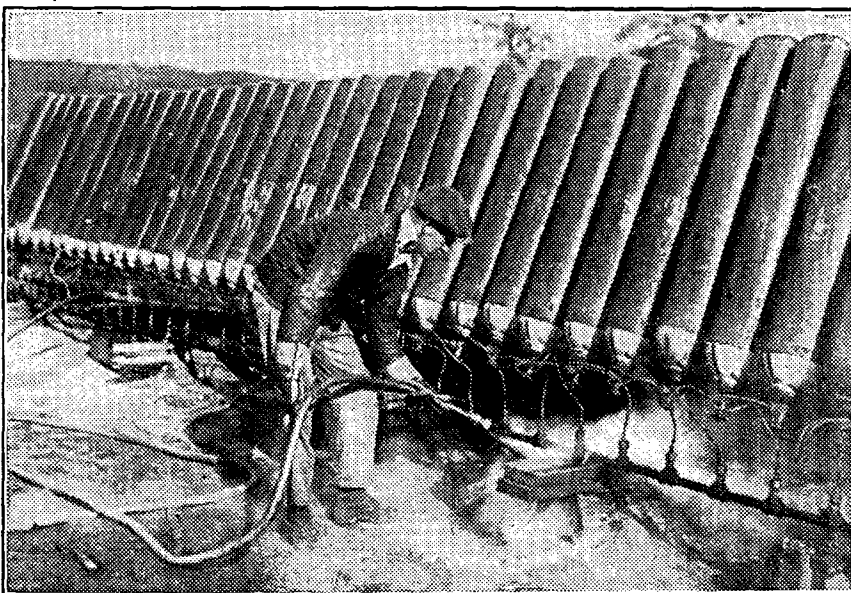
Etna in Eruption—Sicily's great volcano, seen here, has again been in violent eruption. Streams of lava enveloped several towns and villages. See page 2.



An Armful of Bears—Boys and girls who once played with Teddy Bears will be reminded of their old favourites by this picture of three little bears in the arms of their keeper at a menagerie in Southend.



Moving a Church—At Needham in Massachusetts a hundred-year-old church was moved a quarter of a mile, from one street to another, as shown here.



Gas for the Zeppelin—These cylinders of gas were used at Lakehurst, New Jersey, to refill the Graf Zeppelin before she made her return flight across the Atlantic to Germany.



At School in the Congo—This picture from the Belgian Congo shows a class of boys in school, ready to begin work on their slates. They are taught by missionaries from Europe.

THE FOUNDER OF THE ELECTRIC AGE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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